

SEPTEMBER 19, 1988

SPECIAL  SECTION

\$2.00

TIME

To Be The Best



Olympian
Jackie
Joyner-Kersey



724404



CURIOUSLY, IT CAN NOW COST MORE TO DRIVE AN IMITATION BMW THAN A BMW.

BMW PRESENTS A 168-HP 325i FOR UNDER \$25,000.*

For years now, auto makers have been unleashing hordes of sporty-looking cars that claim to perform "like a BMW."

What's a bit puzzling about the current crop is that many of the imitations cost as much if not more than the original.

Fortunately, there's an easy way to distinguish between the two. It's called driving.

Press the accelerator of the BMW 325i, and you experience more pulse-quickenning response and more useful torque—plus BMW's characteristic "silly sexy,

and aggressive" sound (Car and Driver Magazine).

That's because the 325i's 168-hp 6-cylinder power plant, unlike those of imitation BMW's, sums up decades of racing-bred refinements. While a uniquely sophisticated engine computer coaxes maximum performance from its finely-honed parts.

Pick out your favorite stretch of winding pavement. You find yourself slicing through the twistiest of corners with an exhilarating sureness that gives real meaning to the phrase "painted to the road."

That's because the 325i combines BMW's patented fully-

independent suspension with precise rack-and-pinion steering and rear wheel drive, rather than the econobox-type front-wheel variety that makes the pursuit of high performance "an exercise in futility" (Road & Track).

When it comes to safety, you'll appreciate how the 325i's computerized antilock brakes help prevent uncontrolled skids and dramatically cut stopping distances. Imitation BMW's offer less responsive braking systems, often at an expensive extra.

Finally, this 325i embodies the meticulous construction and longer development time that traditionally enables 3-Series models to retain thousands of dollars more of their value on the resale lot than imitation BMW's.**

If you're in the market for a family sports sedan, contact your authorized BMW dealer for a thorough test drive of the 325i.

You'll discover the difference between engineering applied to a car as opposed to engineering applied to a price tag.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.™



*Manufacturer's suggested retail price \$24,450 for 1989 325i 2-door. Actual price will depend upon dealer. Price includes taxes, license, options, dealer prep, destination and handling charges. **Comparison based on Kelley Blue Book Official Residual Value Guide, May-June 1988. Prices may vary. © 1988 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



At Last, the Best in the World

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Like Matt Biondi plowing through the water, his face ablaze with ferocity and ambition, the athletes are bound for Seoul. In a special section, *TIME* spotlights the five-ring extravaganza, from the most exciting competitors and competitions to the most intriguing bits of lore and trivia. ▶ Heptathlete Jackie Joyner-Kersey and Decathlete Daley Thompson are coming to assert a kind of athletic kingship.

▶ Swimmers Biondi and Janet Evans have appointments in Korea with a hoard of medals—the question being just how many. ▶ For a swarm of mitey gymnasts, the contest beyond gold seems to be for the affection of the globe. ▶ The first superpower showdown in twelve years. ▶ A look into the heart of Seoul. ▶ And finally, for the overwhelmed viewer, a selective TV guide.

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Nation

Politics Lite—or how the presidential campaign has turned into stylized images masquerading as sincere efforts to commune with the people. ▶ An antidrug bill so tough it may be unconstitutional. ▶ With the earth drowning in man-made wastes, Dukakis and Bush are forced to face environmental issues.

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World

Inundated by monsoons, Bangladesh struggles to stay afloat. ▶ The I.R.A. ups the military ante. ▶ Iraq vs. the Kurds.

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Video

Does Dan Quayle look more like Robert Redford or Pat Sajak? Just one of the burning questions in a made-for-TV campaign.

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Economy & Business

The Government files stock-fraud charges against Drexel Burnham. ▶ Gold among the thrift ruins. ▶ Turning pater into profits.

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Show Business

Bear-estroika! Plus cosaks, tigers and acrobats. After a decade, the Moscow Circus returns with a spectacular 14-city U.S. tour.

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Medicine

Growing numbers of pregnant women who cannot stay off crack are causing a new wave of drug-damaged infants.

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Essay

American presidential candidates are not just permitted to exploit their families, they are required to. Will no one end this foolishness?

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Cover:

Photograph by Gregory Heisler

Letters

Quayle Storm

To the Editors:

George Bush, by picking Senator Dan Quayle as his running mate [NATION, Aug. 29], has made the G.O.P. ticket exciting. Michael Dukakis, by choosing Senator Lloyd Bentsen, has kept the Democratic ticket boring.

Dwight Anderson
Milford, N.Y.



Vice-presidential candidates should be evaluated by the same criteria as presidential candidates. Quayle's record reveals no basis for confidence that the fate of this nation could rest safely in his hands. Bush selected a fresh face. That does not free him from the obligation to name someone competent, with a mind and a record of his own.

John R. Fahy
Austin

Senator Quayle naturally preferred not to go to war, but he served his country. Not everyone who was in the Army during that period went to Viet Nam. Does this make them "war wimps"?

William D. Stoudt
Gorham, Me.

I don't blame Quayle for seeking refuge from combat in the National Guard, but I wonder if he'll send my son to fight in Nicaragua while his sons enjoy the protection of wealth and influence.

John P. Nyberg
Ormond Beach, Fla.

The Quayle onslaught is the worst case of media-created furor I can imagine. The news vultures who pick at a squeaky-clean candidate for any dirt that will fill their pages only testify to their complete abuse of press freedom.

David J. Lineman
Houston

As an independent voter, I rely heavily on the media to ask the questions I want answered. The one to Quayle is sim-

ple: What did you do during the Viet Nam War? Quayle's choice not to back up his hawkish principles with actions started the mess simmering 19 years ago. The press shouldn't be blamed for its dilemma. The public offices at stake require that we know as much as possible about the candidates.

Elizabeth Cantarine
Williston, N. Dak.

When voters go to the polls in November, they won't be thinking about Quayle's Indiana National Guard duty. Instead they will be remembering the high inflation and unemployment that existed when the Democrats were at the helm and what a sorry economic state we were in eight years ago.

Barbara Campbell
Indianapolis

As the dust settles on this controversy, one clear message emerges: Quayle would not fight for what he believed in. Do the American people want to be led by a man with that credential? I don't.

Edward M. Van Don Jr.
Woodville, N.H.

If all the men throughout the country who did what Quayle did would vote for Dan on Nov. 8, I bet the Bush-Quayle ticket would be able to win the election by a landslide.

Martha C. Bigley
Magnolia, Ark.

Michael Kinsley's assertion that I "ducked" military service in Viet Nam [ESSAY, Aug. 29] is demonstrably false. I was born in 1938; the Viet Nam War was fought when I was beyond draft age. Moreover, at age 17, I enlisted in the Army ROTC and served 3½ years before being medically disqualified in December 1959, five years before the incident took place at Tonkin Gulf.

Patrick J. Buchanan
McLean, Va.

I am a conservative Republican Viet Nam veteran who wants Bush to be the next President, but I will not vote for a ticket with a Quayle who acted like a dove and is really a "chicken hawk."

Steven A. Ballard
Santa Ana, Calif.

In wartime, governments invest in their future by protecting those individuals who they perceive will benefit the system with their survival. Shelters such as noncombat jobs, draft deferments, critical-skill classifications and, yes, enlistment in the National Guard are provided. And often the poor and lower middle class end up fighting the wars. Such measures were why Quayle lived to be a vice-presidential candidate and was not a Viet Nam War casualty.

D. Kent Lloyd
Gladstone, Ore.

Gulf Responsibilities

The closing line of your article on results of the inquiry into the shooting down of the Iranian airliner is unfortunate [NATION, Aug. 29]. You refer to decision to absolve everyone in the disaster, saying that is little consolation to "collective American conscience." That presumptuous. There may be no com possible for relatives of the victims of downed Iran Air Flight 655. However an American, I do not seek solace for unfortunate, yet understandable, action Captain Will C. Rogers III. He was spending on an aircraft flying into a combat area. It was Iran's foolhardy decision to send a civilian aircraft into that area. Having lost a close friend in the bombing of the military barracks in Beirut, I only wish that the commanding officers there had moved with more dispatch in protecting their men.

David Da
Kingston.

Gretzky Unmourned

You say all Canada went into mourning when Wayne Gretzky of the Edmonton Oilers decided to leave the best team in hockey to move to the Los Angeles Kings [PEOPLE, Aug. 22]. We in Calgary home of the Flames Hockey Club, rejoiced. Although the suggestion that day of the trade be designated a civic holiday was turned down, we celebrated transfer anyway.

Douglas Don
Calgary, A

Future Rail

Your piece "Floating Trains: Why Way to Go!" [TECHNOLOGY, Aug. 22] tells a truly amazing story, not just because of the development of the new technology of high-speed, magnet-propelled trains but also because American industry is playing no part in it. How long will take before politicians understand that one is going to solve America's economic problems until Americans are willing once again focus on what made us a giant in the first place? We must do our brainpower toward encouraging growth of new technologies, not tow service and entertainment.

Glenn B. Kaufman
North Miami Beach, Fla.

Life of Crime

I am appalled by the publicity given to Ronald Biggs [PEOPLE, Aug. 22], who participated in England's great \$7 million train robbery of 1963. There is nothing glamorous or "great" about this crime. The engineer was so badly beaten that never fully recovered. It is obscene to let Biggs describe his life in exile as "tremendously fun." What kind of moral example does this provide your readers: a

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TO YOUR
WARDROBE.**

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Several years before marketing gurus began hailing walking as the "exercise of the 80's", we at Rockport were committed to better understanding the benefits of walking as an exercise.

So when Rob Sweetgall, who lost several members of his family to heart disease, wanted to promote the health benefits of walking by traveling across America on foot, Rockport supported him.

Financially, so doctors could monitor the effect this incredible journey was having on the human body.

And with our walking shoes, so that our engineers could better understand the effect an 11,208 mile walk was having on our products.

But as dramatic as Rob Sweetgall's walk was, for us it was just another step in our on-going commitment.

In 1985, we formed the Rockport Walking Institute, the nation's first organization dedicated to research and education on walking.

Its effects have already been felt. In articles, seminars, walking clubs, and

most important of all, in the Rockport Fitness Walking Test. Unlike most tests, the Rockport Fitness Walking Test™ is the designed for people who are in great shape and people who are not in such great shape. Giving it a way to get started on an exercise program that they can live with for years to come.

But perhaps the nicest thing about Rockport's commitment to walking is that it comes built into every walking shoe we make.

THE WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED WALKING SHOE

Consider the Rockport ProW

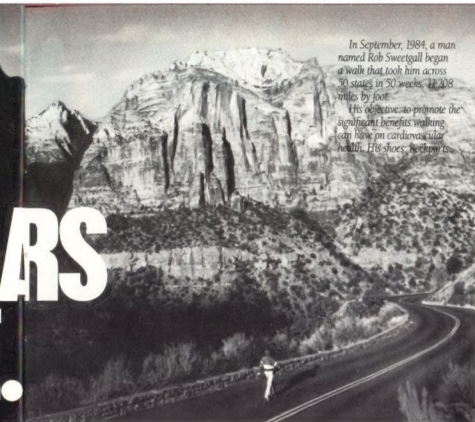


Rockport has literally written the book on walking. In fact, 3 books, 4 video tapes, and 7 abstracts that were accepted by the American College of Sports Medicine.



The Rockport Walking Test includes a 32-member board made up of America's leading exercise physiologists who study the biomechanics and physiology of walking on an on-going basis.

RS



In September, 1984, a man named Rob Sweetgall began a walk that took him across 50 states in 50 weeks, 11,208 miles by foot.

His objective: to promote the significant benefits walking can have on cardiovascular health. His shoes: Rockports.

which one magazine called, the "Mercedes-Benz of walking shoes."

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Institute
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Improve your health
without cramping
your style.

It features innovations like a dual heel counter system for maximum support and a 3-layer innersole for maximum comfort. And little touches like high-density poron for extra cushioning in key stress points, a padded collar that cradles the Achilles tendon and a seam construction that helps prevent blisters. ProWalker was the first shoe designed exclusively for fitness walking.

And it's still major strides ahead of anything on the market today.

Like Mercedes, Rockports come in many different models. But every Rockport shoe is built with our exclusive Walk Support System,™ a unique combination of design, materials and technology that has helped make Rockport the first shoe ever awarded the Seal of Acceptance by the American Podiatric Medical Association.

**YOU LIKE
THE IDEA OF
LIVING LONGER. BUT STILL
AREN'T CRAZY ABOUT
WALKING.**

We understand. But we're also presumptuous enough to believe that the problem you've had isn't with walking but with the shoes

you've been wearing.

And that once you put on a pair of Rockports you'll find them so well designed, so well engineered and so comfortable that you'll start to walk more. And enjoy it more. Maybe even lose a pound or two. Or 17 or 18. (Don't laugh. All it takes is a 45-minute walk at a decent pace everyday.)

The point is, overall, you'll start feeling a whole lot better. As you discover what 55 million people have already discovered; walking is as one cardiologist described, "the

best exercise for conditioning for the vast majority of Americans."

THE NEXT STEP.

If you have any questions, write us and we'll try and answer them. If you'd like a copy of the Rockport Fitness Walking Test, we'll send you one. If, however, you're already sold on walking then hopefully we've also sold you on something else: a pair of our walking shoes.

Short of a miracle drug being invented tomorrow, Rockports may well be the best way to start living a longer, healthier, and more enjoyable life today.

Rockport

THE WALKING SHOE COMPANY.

© 1988 Rockport Co. Free Rockport Fitness Walking Book, send \$10.45 to Dept. W, 72 Howe St., Marlboro, MA 01752. For free copy of Rockport Fitness Walking Test, write Box 483, Marlboro, MA 01752.

WHAT GOOD A HELP YOU IF YOU WOULD DEAD WE

*Our Men's DresSport™
Collection*



*Our Women's
Comfort Series*



WE SHOES THAT LIVE LONGER DON'T BE CAUGHT Wearing THEM?


Our ProWalker™ Series



At Rockport, part of knowing how to build a walking shoe that performs better is knowing how to build a walking shoe that looks better.

Which is why Rockport makes everything from loafers, wing tips, and oxfords for men to flats, loafers, and beginning this fall, a classic pump for women. And every one comes with Rockport's legendary Walk Support System™ built-in.

Isn't it nice to know that the shoes that help you live longer also go nicely with a pin-striped suit or pleated skirt?

Rockport 

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO WALK FAR TO FIND THE WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED WALKING SHOES.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS • AMERICAN EAGLE OUTFITTERS • BIG SKY • BURDINE'S
DAYTON-HUDSON • EDDIE BAUER • FAN CLUB • HANOVER • MACY'S
NORDSTROM • NORM THOMPSON • OPEN COUNTRY • OVERLAND TRADING • REI

ALTIER'S • BELK • BOSCOV'S • BROADWAY • BULLOCK'S • D.H. HOLMES • DILLARD'S
EMPORIUM CAPWELL • FILENE'S • FOLEY'S • GOLDSMITH'S • HAHN SHOES
HARWYN FLORSHEIM • HESS • HOFHEIMER'S • HORNES • HUSTON'S • JACOBSON'S
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PARISIAN • PHILLIP'S SHOES • RICH'S • ROBINSON'S • SHERMAN SHOES
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NOT ALL STYLES AVAILABLE IN ALL STORES

Rockport 

THE WALKING SHOE COMPANY.

Letters

ture of a robber, champagne bottle in hand, sitting before an exotic backdrop? Let the disgraceful man decline and die in deserved obscurity.

*James Derouian
Hexham, England*

Tee and Sympathy

Your story "The Misty Birthplace of Golf" (SPORT, Aug. 29) was enjoyable. Golf originated in Scotland because the Scots are a dour people and developed something to keep them from becoming too happy. The Scots gave golf to England to get even for what Elizabeth I did to Mary, Queen of Scots. The British brought golf to America.

*Richard Malone
Vancouver, Wash.*

Heart of the Forest

It was heartening to read your provocative article about the clear-cutting of national forests in the Northwest (AMERICAN SCENE, Aug. 29). I recently returned from a vacation in Washington State, where I was outraged to witness clear-cutting in the Olympic National Forest. My naive impression had been that such areas were forever preserved from the lumber industry's chain saws. What you failed to mention is the financial cross-purposes at which the Department of the Interior spends our tax dollars. Federally operated fish hatcheries are also fighting to maintain a dwindling population of native salmon. A major factor causing their reduction is siltation of the rivers, a result of clear-cutting.

*Brooke W. Prouty
Alamo, Calif.*

I can understand citizens stripping their landscape to stay alive, but for us to do that in this country is ignorance!

*Marty Stickford
Oshkosh, Wis.*

Overestimating the remaining old-growth timber may be a problem, but you paint an unnecessarily grim picture of the American forest industry. The country needs its trees and their products, and it is necessary to have good and careful information about forestry practices. If Americans took an interest beyond reactive alarm when they saw their favorite woodland fall to a chain saw, they might come to understand that logging leaves temporary scars but produces the wood products that the nation craves and values. Just remind yourselves of the quantity of paper TIME uses each week.

*Swift C. Corwin Jr.
Peterborough, N.H.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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Why the finest hotel in the French Quarter runs like a Swiss watch.



Meet Hans Wandfluh. A native of Switzerland, Hans is the General Manager of the 4-star Royal Sonesta Hotel in the heart of New Orleans' French Quarter. And contrary to popular belief, he cannot read minds.

He does, however, have an uncanny knack for anticipating all your needs. And that can make for a luxurious experience, whether you're lounging by the pool, dining in our renowned Begue's restaurant or just relaxing in your room.

So if you see Hans in the lobby selecting flowers or overseeing some other tiny detail, it's probably just the Swiss in him. One thing is for certain however—having a hotel run like clockwork means you're going to have a splendid time.

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WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AND AIR SUPERIORITY

In one of the most decisive battles in the history of the world fought, William, Duke of Normandy, ventured a invasion of England in the face of a formidable opposition. But one of the reasons that gave him the confidence to try such a risky undertaking was that he had a recently invented technological edge that the English did not have: the stirrup.

While the English rode to the battlefield, they fought on foot; conventional wisdom being that the horse was too unstable a platform from which to fight. But the Norman cavalry, standing secure in their stirrups,



able to ride down the English, letting the weight of their charging horses punch their lances home.

This technological edge led to the conquest of Britain. Without it, William might never have attempted such a perilous war. And this very ad might have been written in Anglo-Saxon.

There are two lessons here, lessons that have been repeated endlessly throughout history. The first is that technological differences can lead to the rise or downfall of great civilizations. The second is that, emboldened by such advantages, a potential adversary may risk war.

The laws of history have not changed. In our own time we find ourselves jockeying for the technological edge. The Warsaw Pact is expected to produce an

air superiority fighter in the mid-1990s. This is where America's Advanced Tactical Fighter comes in. A culmination of the most far reaching technology in history, the ATF will effectively check a potential imbalance in air defense, and so preserve stability.

If, almost a millennium ago, the English had had some effective counter to the Norman cavalry, William might have had second thoughts about crossing the Channel. Applying that timeless lesson today, we know that defenses such as the Advanced Tactical Fighter will give second thoughts to anyone thinking that now is his chance.

 **Lockheed**

Giving shape to imagination.

Bayeux Tapestry, Anon. C. 1077, Bayeux, France





The Smith Corona Correcting Cassette.

We've reformed the correction system.

Prisoners of old-fashioned correction systems, freedom is here.

Smith Corona's Correcting Cassette means an end to twists, tangles and fumbles.

It's an easy-to-load, drop-in correction tape you can insert in mere seconds.

There are no spools to unwind. No complicated threading. No more muttering under your breath. It's that simple.

What's just as simple is our Right Ribbon System.SM It simply prevents you from using the wrong combination of ribbon and correcting cassette.

You'll find our Correcting Cassette and Right Ribbon System on the Smith Corona SL 600 typewriter.

You'll also find lots of other

great features on the SL 600—like the Spell-RightSM 50,000 word electronic dictionary, full line correction, WordEraser[®] and more.

You might expect a typewriter this sophisticated to cost a bundle, but the SL 600 is surprisingly affordable. All of which makes it one of the best values you can find today.

Case closed.



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Critics' Choice

TELEVISION

THE SUMMER OLYMPICS (NBC). A two-hour preview show on Sept. 15 (9 p.m. EDT) sets the stage; then let the TV blitz begin.

THE THEBAN PLAYS (PBS, Sept. 16, 23, 30, 9 p.m. on most stations). Sophocles' tragic Oedipus trilogy gets world-class treatment in a BBC production starring Anthony Quayle and Claire Bloom.

ENCYCLOPEDIA (HBO, debuting Sept. 19, 7:30 p.m. EDT). Children's Television Workshop, creator of *Sesame Street*, takes youngsters through the encyclopedia in songs and sketches. First episode: from alligators to Atila.

THEATER

HAMLET. Zeljko Ivanek, one of the nation's ablest young performers, scales the Everest of acting in a richly Freudian

production at Minneapolis' Guthrie Theater.

80 DAYS. Director Des McAnuff (*Big River*) and Composer Ray Davies of the Kinks send Phileas Fogg around the world again in a musical at California's La Jolla Playhouse.

MUSIC

STEVE EARLE: COPPER-HEAD ROAD (Uni). Songs of sorrow and defiance: a rock-inflected, country-based album that takes long chances with big themes, from the ghosts of Viet Nam to romantic burnout, and does them proud.

NIXON IN CHINA (Nonesuch). A waltz across the Great Wall with Dick, Pat, Henry, Mao and the missus: last year's best new opera is this year's best new opera recording.

CHESS (RCA Victor). You

missed the show, now buy the record: not a rock musical at all, but the most eclectic score of the '80s and the hottest night in Bangkok since Yul Brynner met Deborah Kerr.

CONCERTS

RUNNING ON EMPTY. The gifted son of two '60s radicals must choose between his family and himself, without betraying either. Sidney Lumet's film bathes in political clichés and then comes clean. River Phoenix is a sensitive sensation.

THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST. Now that ticket lines are replacing picket lines, Martin Scorsese's terrific film can be appreciated as a passionate, full-bodied meditation on Jesus' humanity.

MARRIED TO THE MOB. The Mafia takes a ribbing in Jonathan Demme's hip jape. Michelle Pfeiffer (*swoon!*) is a Mob widow on the lam, and

Dean Stockwell is tops as a henpecked gang lord.

BOOKS

BREATHING LESSONS by Anne Tyler (Knopf; \$18.95). With her customary firm but gentle touch and ear for nuance, the author weaves a tale depicting the quotidian mysteries of marriage and staying together.

WHEAT THAT SPRINGETH GREEN by J.F. Powers (Knopf; \$18.95). Father Joe Hackett, assigned in the late 1960s to a comfortable suburban parish, struggles to keep his mind on eternity while coping with the niggings of bureaucracy.

LIBRA by Don DeLillo (Viking; \$19.95). Another conspiracy theory about the assassination of John F. Kennedy, this one fictional, mingling real people—like Lee Harvey Oswald—with an imaginary cabal of disgruntled CIA types.

The popcorn's
in the kitchen.
And the movies
are on CBS.

TUESDAY
SEPTEMBER
13



A secret life revealed.

Mistress

Victoria Principal

THURSDAY
SEPTEMBER
15



He's back, with his new partner...
the very modern Ms. Watson.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Margaret Colin

FRIDAY
SEPTEMBER
16



The story of a man and the desperate search
for the love of his life... his bike.

PEE-WEE'S
BIG
ADVENTURE

SUNDAY
SEPTEMBER
18



She was young, trusting and naive.
Until someone stole her son.
Then she was deadly.

ROCKABYE
Valerie Bertinelli



CBS

Check local listings
for time and channel.



Give a Brazilian a and watch v

When the people of Manaus say it's a jungle out there, they mean it.

Located on the Amazon River, nearly 1,060 miles from the Atlantic Coast, the city of Manaus is literally an island of civilization.

But while the location may be remote, the work going on here isn't.

Because today, Manaus is the center of Brazil's electronics industry. That's right, electronics.

Not even an impenetrable jungle can stop a Brazilian.

In fact, 90% of the TVs sold in Brazil are made in Manaus - by Brazilian people working for the affiliates of highly respected companies.

AGENCIES: Amsterdam - Holland; Athens - Paragon; Barcelona - Spain; Brussels - Belgium; Buenos Aires - Argentina; Hamburg - Germany; La Paz - Bolivia; Lisbon - Portugal; London - England; Los Angeles - U.S.A.; Madrid - Spain; Milan - Italy; Montevideo - Uruguay; New York - U.S.A.; Panama City - Panama; Paris - France; Rome - Italy; Sao Paulo - Brazil; Santiago - Chile; Tokyo - Japan; Zurich - Switzerland.

American Scene

In Virginia: Winging It for the Fun of It

Top Gun grooved his Viper jet through a long, graceful arc in the late summer sky, his forefinger and thumb caressing the plane's stick as if it were a violin. The aircraft's needle nose pointed toward the runway below at the U.S. Navy's Fentress Air Field near Norfolk, Va. Engine open and screaming, gulping in the thick air, the Viper reached max speed of 264 ft. per sec. 20 ft. above the concrete and leveled out for its pass. A faint touch of aileron and the ship rolled on its back. The crowd gasped. Heads

popping by 10% a year. The Hobby Industry Association estimates that perhaps 8 million Americans dabble at model-plane building and flying at one time or another in any year.

The Wright brothers and Charles Lindbergh had their passion for flying ignited by successful model planes. Astronaut John Glenn bought 10e Comet kits more than a half-century ago, and the flimsy model planes he built launched him into space. Baugher, too, has a real-life side to his hobby: he is one of the few

turned 2,300 times. The Voisin bucked, churned, its tiny pusher propeller sent it 125 ft. high, its miniature control flaps guiding it across the field for 67 sec., on three flights that made it second in its class at the Nats.

The Smithsonian Institution's National Air and Space Museum in Washington has been a godsend to the modeler who searches for authenticity. Before the Smithsonian developed its library filled with plans, statistics and helpful researchers, hobbyists had to dig for the facts themselves. That often proved difficult. Between the Wright brothers' first flight and World War II, literally thousands of planes were designed and built in garages and barns, only to plunge into obscurity nearly as fast as they were launched. Scale modelers are especially eager to resurrect these relics.

That is why Kruse packed his tiny planes on plastic foam bubbles in the back of his car and drove more than 1,000 miles across the U.S. to launch them in a few minutes of glory. For Kruse, the hobby is visceral, planted in him for good when at age seven or eight, he hand-launched a 5e glider on the sun-drenched Kansas prairie. The craft rose a few feet, then rascally was snatched by a thermal and carried away. Kruse leaped on his bike and rode desperately after it—one or two miles, five miles. He came home stunned. "How'd it go?" his dad asked. "Five miles," said young Kruse. "That's crazy," the father declared. "Where'd you launch it, where'd it land?" Kruse told him. The father fell silent, stared at the youngster, then responded in awed tones. "That's five miles." Kruse now writes a column for *Flying Model*, a leading journal for enthusiasts.

Is model-airplane building and flying a hobby or a sport? That is a chicken-or-egg question endlessly debated by zealous practitioners and uncomprehending outsiders. There is little question in the mind of Chip Hyde, 16, of Yuma, Ariz. T times he has been champion of the class of radio-controlled aerobatic fly. That means he has beaten all comers with his skill and his pink-and-blue Conquest driven by an alcohol-fueled engine, the size of a human fist. He must practice continuously to keep up his skill, sometimes four days a week for an hour or two a session. For Hyde, model-airplane competition is an athletic pursuit every bit as exacting as, say, golf or riflery.

Old-timers talk of the superb hand coordination required of a successful model radio-control operator in pylon racing, in which the modelers must speed over a pylon-marked course, or in combat, where they dogfight by cutting paper streamers with their propeller



Eric ("Top Gun") Baugher with his Viper jet at the National Model Airplane Championships

swung in unison as the jet knifed by, turned upright and spiraled vertically into the sun, which splintered its bright beams on the wings. As Top Gun slid his plane to a landing 30 ft. in front of the stands, the crowd applauded lustily.

Eric Baugher, 29, of Bowie, Md., is Top Gun, chiefly because his toolbox decal jauntily proclaims him so. Throughout the Viper's stunning aerobatics, Baugher stood rooted to the tarmac manipulating a tiny radio that controlled the sleek, alcohol-powered jet, which has a 4-ft. wingspan and a 5-ft.-long fuselage. Baugher was one of 1,139 model-airplane fanatics who trundled 7,000 tiny planes into the Norfolk area to compete in the National Model Airplane Championships. Known widely as the Nats, the show is the largest, most diverse gathering of its kind on the globe. For nine days these earthbound pilots flew, gabbled, crashed, repaired and lived body and soul in the environment of a hobby-sport that has leaped the Iron Curtain, taken root in China and become one of the fastest-growing leisure indulgences in the free world. The Academy of Model Aeronautics' membership is ex-

professional flyers of radio-controlled small aircraft. Baugher works for the AAI Corp., which does high-tech, often secret work on drones, those unmanned aircraft that may someday patrol the skies guided by electronics from distant command posts. Pursued in his off-hours, his hobby is part of an industry that is now worth hundreds of millions of dollars and has benefited from advances in miniaturized electronics, motors and light, high-strength materials spawned in the race to the moon. "I like pushing the edge in flight and technology," says Baugher, a chip off Jimmy Doolittle, "and I can walk away from my crashes."

There was romance, too, on the broad, open fields of Virginia. The story of flight was re-enacted with models—correct down to the fabric, wires and rivets—of those old, often ungainly aircraft that took the first pioneers aloft. Larry Kruse, a dean of Seward County Community College in Liberal, Kans., launched his replica of a 1911 Voisin into the fitful afternoon breezes. An almost perfect twelve grams of craftsmanship with a 13-in. wingspan, the plane is powered by a rubber-band motor

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American Scene

Another essential skill is cockpit orientation. The pilot on the ground must imagine himself aloft, looking through the windshield of his plane no matter how many complex maneuvers he goes through. If the pilot loses mental orientation, he can send the plane in the opposite direction from what he intends, a consequence that has driven many a novice back to golf or riflery.

Successful modelers know that what comes up must come down, sometimes hard. A crash of one of the bigger scale models these days can leave a \$2,000 hole in the ground. Still, the aficionados keep coming. There were 76 events at Fentress this summer, including competitions for feath-



Re-enacting the story of flight at the Nats

erweight indoor models with a filmy covering that can fly for almost an hour like a wandering butterfly, and gliders that can stay up all day with their 10-ft. wingspans. Power sources include wind, rubber, CO₂, electricity, alcohol and gasoline. Multi-channel radios allow the operators of the larger models to start motors by remote control, steer nose wheels, retract landing gear, drop dummy bombs and take aerial photos, in addition to controlling the rudder, elevator and ailerons. An entire field at the Nats was set aside for 90 model helicopters, each having 1,000 or so moving parts and capable of flying upside down, a maneuver not dared by the real ships.

Given that the whole of aircraft history has now been re-created in miniature, it was only a matter of time until one wonderfully colorful institution from the old days would be revived: barnstorming. John Pagan, a high school teacher from Beaumont, Texas, roams the country with his 7-ft. model of an open-cockpit Fleet biplane. For a few bucks he will rev up the five-cylinder radial engine, put a duplicate control stick in the hands of a student and teach him or her how to coax the plane around the summer skies. Business has been so good that Pagan plans to barnstorm full-time when he retires from teaching in a few years. Waldo Pepper never had it so good.

—By Hugh Slides

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A Letter from the Publisher

The airport immigration agent was suspicious when Senior Writer Tom Callahan landed in London to interview Daley Thompson, Britain's two-time Olympic decathlon champion. "Does he know you're coming?" asked the agent, pointing out Thompson's notorious avoidance of the press. "He doesn't give interviews, you know." He did to Callahan, and the result is part of our special section on the Summer Games of the XXIV Olympiad in Seoul.

The section, which fills XXIX pages, is one of the most elaborate such previews TIME has ever produced—and a reflection of what we gauge to be unprecedented global interest in this quadrennial celebration of athletic excellence. The project was assembled under the direction of Senior Editor José M. Ferrer III, who also edited last February's preview of the Winter Games in Calgary. "There are many sources of information about the Olympics, from elaborate access guides to last-minute look-ahead capsules in the newspapers," says Ferrer. "Our package is designed for the solid amateur Olympics fan, one who does not need an encyclopedic guide but wants a serious warm-up to this year's Games."

Our warm-up highlights more than two dozen athletes who are at the top of their sport, a television viewer's guide to key



Affa Ames and Hochstein near the finish line

events, and an offbeat look at Seoul by Contributor Pico Iyer, whose recent book, *Video Night in Kathmandu*, examines the inroads of Western popular culture throughout Asia. Perhaps the most arresting feature of the special section is photographic. Picture Researcher Dorothy Affa Ames began assigning photographers to cover pre-Olympic meets in April, and since then has edited 5,000 pictures provided by a dozen photojournalists and a score of photo agencies. A former professional photographer, Affa Ames is convinced that "shooting sports is an excellent training ground for news photography."

To give the special section a special look, Ferrer called on Deputy Art Director Arthur Hochstein, who began experimenting with designs in July. Late last week, as he labored over the final layouts for the project, a harried Hochstein described his state of mind by reaching for—what else?—an Olympics metaphor. "I am on the last lap of my own marathon," he said. We're happy to report that he finished with a flourish.

Robert L. Miller



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TIME SEPTEMBER 19, 1988

The Phantom Race

Call it Politics Lite, with lots of froth and little annoying substance



The romanticized myths that surround a modern presidential campaign die hard. The nation still clings to the notion that the race to the White House is an endurance contest between two candidates—their voices cracking, their faces haggard from exhaustion—who somehow summon the strength to inspire one more crowd, to frame one more argument and to shake one more outstretched hand. This peripatetic image befits the John Kennedy of 1960. On Labor Day 28 years ago, Kennedy attended a union breakfast, dropped by the Michigan State Fair, addressed 60,000 people jammed into Cadillac Square in Detroit, stumped at three different holiday picnics in three other Michigan cities, appeared at a late-night rally and then jetted off at 11 p.m. for a five-hour flight to Idaho.

Every evening the television screens convey the impression that Michael Dukakis and George Bush are upholding this tradition. In truth, these national campaigns have turned into stylized exercises in imagery masquerading as sincere efforts to commune with the American people. Dukakis, the self-anointed heir to the Kennedy tradition, delivered just ten speeches in five days last week, held two formal press conferences and appeared before a total of maybe 20,000 voters. Bush was, if anything, even more elusive. Labor Day was confined to Southern California, as the Vice President toured a San Diego fish-company plant (forgetting to doff his tie as he dissected a sea bass for the cameras), gave the U.S. Olympic athletes a patriotic send-off at Disneyland and preached a law-

and-order sermon at a Los Angeles police department picnic.

This updated style of stumping might be called Politics Lite—all the pictures of a traditional campaign with less of the annoying heavy substance. Minimalism has been something of a Republican special-

ity, ever since first Richard Nixon in 1968 and then Michael Deaver, as Ronald Reagan's imagemaker in 1980, figured out that the less the candidate appears in public, the more control the campaign has over the stories that appear on TV. This time around, Craig Fuller, the Vice President's chief of staff, faithfully follows the dictum of "one message per day—that's the goal."

The Dukakis campaign adheres to a similar battle plan. "You can probably go to three places in a single day," says a Dukakis adviser. "But by the third place, you're moving into, not advancing, the story."

Bush has soared since the Republican Convention largely because he has come to excel at this telescoped form of send-them-a-message politics. Each day Bush sprinkles into his campaign texts a few made-for-TV lines designed to place Dukakis on the defensive. Bush has artfully, and cynically, used these daily sound bites to impugn Dukakis' patriotism over the Pledge of Allegiance and to suggest that the Massachusetts Governor is soft on crime and heedless of the nation's security. In typical fashion last week, Bush claimed he would not be surprised if his rival "thought a naval exercise is something you find in a Jane Fonda workout book."

Dukakis, whose speeches have displayed all the tilt of a high-school commencement address, has been curiously inept at responding in kind. "Michael Dukakis tries to create a speech that has a beginning, a middle and an end," explains Campaign Chairman Paul Brontas. "It's not just 30 different sound bites."

But all too often, even when he fights back, Dukakis' rhetoric lacks bite of all varieties. He seems to have



Bush came to Disneyland to give the Olympic athletes a patriotic sendoff

With the quest for the White House reduced to a battle of dueling sound bites, real-life voters are only useful as a scenic backdrop for television pictures.

adopted all too well another of the Deeveresque techniques perfected by Reagan: keep the message issueless and content-free. Through most of the week, the candidate kept being upstaged by his own warm-up speakers. Finally, last Friday, Dukakis displayed some belated fire while campaigning in Texas, when he likened Bush's posturing on the Pledge of Allegiance to McCarthyism: "Now they're attacking my patriotism, and just as they did in the 1950s, the American people can smell the garbage."

Since so much that Bush and Dukakis do and say is prepackaged and programmed, the press naturally emphasizes the rare unscripted moments, whatever their lasting significance. There was a brief and meaningless flap after an overexuberant Bush bizarrely ad-libbed to the American Legion convention that Sept. 7 (and not Dec. 7) was the 47th anniversary of Pearl Harbor. The news last Tuesday night featured both candidates fending off hecklers: militant right-to-lifers who shouted Dukakis down in suburban Chicago and outspoken hardhats who jeered Bush in Portland, Ore. There was little evidence that either group was representative of the electorate. But the TV imagery made Bush appear tough as he whipped out his ancient union card from 1950, while all Dukakis could muster were a few limp appeals ("I hope you would respect my right to speak") that seemed more suited for a Brookline town meeting than a Polish-American banquet hall.

What is unfortunate is that television and the daily newspapers, forced to produce a Bush and Dukakis story each day, feed the illusion that the candidates are conducting a dialogue with the electorate. Sound bites aside, little that either contender is saying provides a fresh glimpse of what he might do in office. Bush's two major recent policy addresses—on the environment and on foreign-policy goals—were recycled versions of earlier speeches gussied up with new applause lines. Dukakis won front-page headlines for his innovative, if poorly detailed, proposal to allow college students to repay their loans through a small surcharge on their lifetime earnings. But the idea was not quite the policy breakthrough that

the campaign claimed; Dukakis had already outlined the proposal in speeches last April and May.

Back in the innocent days of the early primaries, before neighborhood meetings were supplanted by motorcades and media events, Dukakis and Bush had to respond to questions from ordinary citizens. These days, such real-life voters are useful only as scenic backdrops. That is why it was striking on Labor Day morning when Dukakis tried to hold an informal town meeting with a few dozen voters in South Philadelphia. The questions on schools and the environment were serious, but so

was the jeering from 100 antiabortion protesters, who turned a picturesque event into near chaos. The moral: a Dukakis aide predicts, "There aren't going to be too many events like that."

In this void the press has to serve as surrogates for the voters. But campaign press conferences are fast becoming an endangered species. At one point earlier this month, the Vice President went 13 days with just one 13-minute press availability. Hectered by a frustrated reporter at a Boston Harbor photo opportunity, Bush promised to face the press the following day, a Friday. But aides then realized that a spontaneous

question-and-answer session would probably overshadow the carefully choreographed campaign message. So they artfully postponed the promised press conference until Saturday (a near invisible news day), when the Vice President cheerfully treated reporters to hot dogs and horseshoes at his official residence in Washington. His duty done, Bush then went all last week without a follow-up.

The political virtues of this Reaganesque aloofness have not been lost on Dukakis. For weeks Bush aides privately marveled that the Massachusetts Governor was willing to sacrifice control of the news on the altar of daily press conference. But no more Mr. Accessible. Dukakis now appears before reporters only when he wants to take control of the day's story.

So far the campaign has been a dispiriting world of illusion dominated by pyrotechnics, platitudes and the Pledge of Allegiance. But this phony war will give way on Sunday, Sept. 25, to the biggest sound bite of them all: the first Bush-Dukakis debate in Winston-Salem, N.C. There will also be a second presidential debate and one between Dan Quayle and Lloyd Bentsen. Each will take place during that late September-early October athletic orgy dominated by the Olympics and the major-league baseball play-offs. While debates are not an automatic panacea for pabulum, seeing Bush and Dukakis at long last without their canned daily messages can only elevate the campaign. —By Walter Shapiro.

Reported by David Beckwith with Bush and Michael Duffy with Dukakis



South Philadelphia: a picturesque town meeting soon turned into near chaos

Back in the innocent days of the early primaries, the candidates had to respond to questions from ordinary citizens. Now such unscripted events are a rarity.

Antidrug or Antipeople?

Congress strikes a tough pose, with an eye on the election

Although it was officially titled the Omnibus Drug Initiative Act, the 375-page bill that came up for debate in the House last week seemed more like all-purpose aid to electioneering, an irresistible chance to prepare for the coming campaign by taking a get-tough stand against dope dealers. The legislators swiftly tacked on six amendments, including one to provide the death penalty for certain drug-related crimes and another to permit the use of illegally obtained evidence in drug trials. The House also packed into the measure an array of harsh sanctions against drug abusers. All that was too much for Democratic Congressman Charles Rangel of New York, chairman of the Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control. "Some of the things that sound rough and

mean and antidrug," said Rangel, "really are antipeople."

As Rangel pointed out, one of the House-approved sanctions could punish the innocent family of a drug user by evicting it from public housing. Similar amendments, added Detroit Congressman John Conyers, "assaulted a great many Bill of Rights provisions."

Republican Dan Lungren of California, sponsor of the illegal-evidence amendment, scoffed at complaints about probable unconstitutionality. That, he said, is the case you make "when you've lost the argument." The author of the capital-punishment provision, Pennsylvania Republican George Gekas, claimed that his measure would be a "swift and certain" deterrent against drug-related killings.

By a lopsided 335-to-67 vote, the House adopted the amendment to deny such federal benefits as public housing and student loans to anyone convicted of one offense of drug distribution or any two other drug offenses, including possession, within a ten-year period; it also denies housing and education assistance to veterans dealing in dope. Another proposal: to

withhold road money from states that fail to suspend the driver's license of a convicted drug user.

The welter of proposals was the work of ten separate committees, so House Majority Leader Thomas Foley and Minority Leader Robert Michel decided simply to throw the measures with the strongest support into a single package and let the courts weed out constitutionally objectionable provisions later. Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd vowed to "make every effort" to get the drug bill out of Congress before the election recess. But since even a single Senator can hold up the bill with a filibuster, some controversial amendments, such as the death penalty, are likely to be dropped or modified.

Amid the avalanche of tough-sounding proposals, it was easy to forget that the bill would also add \$2.1 billion to the \$1.7 billion already being spent on drug-prevention and -treatment programs. That amount would bring Congress very close to the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings limit on federal expenditures—and doom other popular election-year proposals, such as \$2.5 billion in support for child care. ■

Grapevine



Nobel candidates in Moscow

Soul mates. One of John Sasso's first orders of business upon rejoining the Dukakis campaign was to patch things up with Jesse Jackson. Relations soured after the Dukakis camp intimated that Jackson should not campaign in certain states. But during a three-hour tête-à-tête, Sasso and Jackson got along famously. Jackson, above all, likes to be consulted, and Sasso did, on matters such as how to parry George Bush's

baiting about the Pledge of Allegiance. Dukakis said Jackson, should declare, "I pledge to house the homeless. I pledge to create jobs." Sure enough, last week Dukakis took a line from Jackson when he "pledged" to "keep America strong and make America better."

Texas two-step. Texas Republicans have criticized Lloyd Bentsen for riding two horses: campaigning for the vice presidency while running for a fourth Senate term. Determined to keep the Democrats from carrying Texas, G.O.P. leaders are considering abandoning their weak challenger to Bentsen, Beau Boutser, and urging voters to choose Bentsen for the Senate and Bush for the White House.

Eyes on the prize. Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev are said to be high among the 97 candidates for this year's Nobel Peace Prize. Should Reagan

win, he would be only the third President (after Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson) to be so honored. With the Nobel Committee scheduled to announce its choice Sept. 29, just after the first debate, George Bush could be the immediate beneficiary of a Reagan win.

Bush's wise men. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger is expected to head a "national-security task force" to advise the Bush campaign. Melvin Laird and Brent Scowcroft may be named his co-chairs, and the Bushies are also said to be pressuring Zbigniew Brzezinski, Jimmy Carter's National Security Adviser, to join. While Kissinger might add stature to the Bush team, he could alienate many right-wingers who still consider him ideologically suspect.

Controversy struck another Bush advisory panel last week: Jerome Brentar was dismissed from a task force consulting

Bush on "ethnic" issues after reports surfaced that he had ardently defended convicted Nazi War Criminal John Demjanjuk.



Sasso: Jesse's pal



Quote of the week. Making an argument for the Strategic Defense Initiative, Dan Quayle cited Indiana University's basketball coach, "Bobby Knight told me this: 'There is nothing that a good defense cannot beat a better offense.'" As listeners scratched their heads, Quayle explained, "In other words, a good offense wins." The candidate got it backwards. Knight said—and still proponents contend—that good defense prevails.

Access for Sale

Influence peddling can haunt

Political consulting is a seasonal business, with big money made during campaign years and much less during off years. Consultants who worked for the Reagan-Bush campaigns, however, have solved the cyclical nature of the game by merging it with the influence-peddling business. While most of those who sell access do so only after toiling for the Government at modest wages, these entrepreneurial consultants skip the public-service stopover and move directly from helping elect a politician to selling their ties to him for high fees.

When the time comes to get back into politics, however, selling access can have its downside, as two top Bush campaign consultants, Stuart Spencer and Charles Black, are finding out. Each had what seemed to be a perfect client: the government of General Manuel Noriega of Panama (Spencer) and that of Prime Minister Lynden Pindling of the Bahamas (Black). Both politicians headed regimes that had full treasuries and lots of messy problems. But these drug-tainted leaders are proving to be unsavory associates for aides to a presidential candidate who favors the death penalty for drug dealers.

Black's firm sold its services in a proposal to the Pindling government on the basis of its "backchannel relationship"

with the Reagan Administration. Black promoted his skills in the third person: "Many believe his meticulous organization of the key primary states resulted in President Reagan's nomination." The firm contacted the Vice President's office 18 times in 1985 and 1986 on behalf of the Bahamas. (Although Bush

Campaign Manager Lee Atwater has been a partner in Black's firm, he avoids a conflict of interest by refusing to be part of the lobbying side of the business.)

Spencer, who heads Dan Quayle's campaign, tried to improve Noriega's image, under a contract with his firm worth \$25,000 a month starting in late 1985. Campaign spokesmen say Spencer's services ended before a June 1986 New York Times series detailed the general's ties to drug trafficking. But according to documents his firm filed with the Justice Department, Spencer continued to work for Noriega well after that, under a contract renewed in August 1986. Back in the public eye as they restore ties to what they hope will be an Administration they can influence for another four years, these consultants-cum-lobbyists have reason to be choosier in the future about picking clients during political off years.



Spencer

Goodbye to All That

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

Notes from retiring Secretary of Education William Bennett on Cabinet service, achieving and maintaining capital curmudgeon status, and the debilitating effects of cold salmon after sundown:

Bennett's law of diminishing smarts.

Most Cabinet officers are brightest in the morning. After 10 a.m., the average IQ drops a point every half an hour; by nightfall it is off the charts.

The key to political longevity.

It is nonsense that a public official must attend receptions and eat the food, both of which further enervate him. "I have eaten a lot of poached salmon, and I don't like it, particularly at 10 p.m.," Bennett said last week. "I never could get used to this town to being treated as if I were a large house cat." In four years Bennett attended only one State and one Gridiron dinner, absences considered in pre-Bennett eras as a sure way to oblivion. His alternative for political longevity: home cooking as often as possible. "Eat something recognizable," he declared. "Beef or chicken. Or chicken or beef." But go home. There is much more there than food.



The Secretary with his boss

On President tending.

Do not treat a President as royalty. In Cabinet meetings know what you think and say what you think. "Don't leave a Cabinet meeting saying to yourself, 'Gee, I should have said that,'" Bennett offered. But also, he noted, try a joke now and then. Call the President "Boss" when it seems appropriate. Eat a few jelly beans.

Serving the public, Corollary No. 1.

"If you don't like Government, then don't govern. I

love it. Speak your mind: be truthful and candid. The American people can handle it. I never went anywhere in this country that I did not meet smart people. Talk to the American people because you actually like them and respect them. A lot will respect you, and some will like you."

On debunking Washington myths.

If at first you doubt, doubt again. Harry Truman's advice that "if you want a friend in Washington, get a dog" is funny but false, insisted Bennett. "I leave this job with a lot more friends than when I came. None of them are dogs."

On symptoms of sartorial uncertainty.

The idea that every Cabinet officer must first be neat, trim and well pressed is backward. What is inside is more important than what is outside. The 6-ft. 2-in., 216-lb. Bennett bought his suits off the rack for less than \$300 and sometimes got them pressed. "Enough said about that," declared the rumples Bennett in his National Press Club valedictory.

Bennett's guide for capturing and controlling attention.

Be as aggressive as decency will allow. Do your homework, know what you are talking about, and talk about something real. "If you don't have anything to say, the media are not going to come around more than a couple of times. Your job is to have a successful conversation with the American people."

Corollary No. 2.

"The most important thing in this city is not keeping your head so much as keeping your feet," he said. "Don't forget where you are from. Cling to your family and friends. Books and lessons from the past should be your roots. Heed that line from Alan Drury's *Advice and Consent* that goes something like this: 'Washington took them as lovers and they were gone.'"

Bennett's code of decorous departure.

Next Tuesday, Sept. 20, the Secretary plans to visit a prize elementary school in Hollis, N.H., give it a tribute, turn and hand his Cabinet credentials to aides, then hike off into the White Mountains with John Curnutte, one of his best friends.



The Environment: Cleaning Up the Mess

By Dick Thompson



This is the second in a series of weekly essays on the important issues that the candidates are, or should be, addressing.

It was the summer that the earth struck back. Amid an unnerving global heat wave, scientists took the planet's temperature and debated whether the greenhouse effect had already begun. At the beach, syringes replaced seashells. The wholesale destruction of forests in northern India and Nepal helped spawn a tragic flood in Bangladesh. Sturgeon were infected by toxic wastes in the Soviet Union, threatening the caviar supply. And, belatedly, the environment returned as a compelling political issue in the U.S.

This time the ecological agenda goes beyond Earth Day folk songs and the old tree-hugger concerns of toxics, smog and the deterioration of national parks. These disgraceful problems still persist. But they have been overshadowed by a realization that the world's life-support system may be on the brink of a breakdown because of carbon-dioxide loads, chlorofluorocarbon residues and forest destruction. The earth and its atmosphere are drowning in man-made wastes, a situation that has become so critical it may soon make other political issues—even budget deficits and military needs—seem trivial. Yet the dire nature of the danger, if properly approached, also presents the glimmer of a great opportunity: the planet's problems could become so paramount they would force a new spirit of international partnership, one that could serve as a model for cooperation on political, economic and military matters. "We're talking about a global-security issue," says Robert Berg, president of the International Development Conference.

The new environmental problems are especially complex because they are caused by substances that are necessary to fuel the economies of industrialized nations and warm Third World families. Cleaning up a polluted river or a waste dump is often a mammoth task, but it requires that a community decide it is worth the cost and effort. Stemming the destruction of the earth's atmosphere, on the other hand, will require a national and international effort to change the way that economies run and lives are lived.

Currently the most pressing and complex environmental problem is the greenhouse effect. The industrial age has been fueled by the burning of coal, wood and oil, which spews wastes—most notably carbon dioxide (CO₂)—into the sky. This thickens the layer of atmospheric gases that traps heat from the sun and keep the earth warm. This greenhouse effect is expected to bring about more change more quickly than any other climatic event in the earth's history. Scientists warn that the changes cannot be stopped, though they can be slowed. But the time is short. Says Robert Dickinson, a senior scientist at the National Center for Atmospheric Research: "We don't have 100 years. We have ten or 20 at most."

If the warming is not slowed, scientists predict, the greenhouse effect will melt enough of the polar ice caps to threaten the water supply of New York City and the very existence of low-lying New Orleans by the middle of the next century. Areas that are now productive farmland would become parched and dusty.

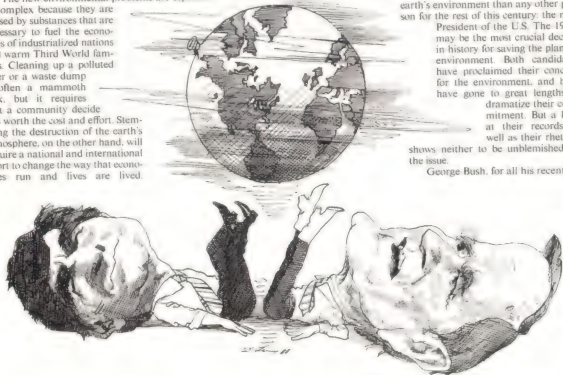
The other major environmental crisis involves the earth's thinning ozone layer. This is being caused mainly by the production of chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs), chemical compounds that can be found in Styrofoam cups and fast-food containers and in the Freon used in air conditioners and grocery refrigeration cases. The CFCs float up into the stratosphere and break down the layer of ozone gas, which serves as a shield protecting the earth from much of the sun's harmful ultraviolet radiation. One result: increased ultraviolet radiation that could cause more cases of skin cancer. An even more dangerous consequence would be the disruptive effect increased ultraviolet radiation would have on plant growth and photosynthesis. That could upset the foundation of the food chain.

One man will have more impact on the earth's environment than any other person for the rest of this century: the next President of the U.S. The 1990s may be the most crucial decade in history for saving the planet's environment. Both candidates have proclaimed their concern for the environment, and both have gone to great lengths to

dramatize their commitment. But a look at their records as well as their rhetoric

shows neither to be unblemished on the issue.

George Bush, for all his recent in-



"The greatest gathering of minds and technology ever united to defend the America's Cup"

That was how Yachting magazine described the creation of "Stars & Stripes," the first catamaran ever to sail in the Cup's 137-year history.

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Both teams used an assortment of Hewlett-Packard computers, printers and plotters to help design and sail their boats.

HP 9000 engineering workstations were a key factor in moving the colossal, but ultralight, "New Zealand" from concept to the waterways in just seven months. Yet the 132-foot yacht sailed faster than any America's Cup boat before it.

A similar scenario was played out simultaneously at the American team's design headquarters.

Six HP 9000 computers were instrumental in creating what is believed to be the fastest and most technologically advanced catamaran ever built.



Three HP computers went to sea aboard the "New Zealand."

Hewlett-Packard goes to sea.

HP computers had an equally important role during the race itself.

"New Zealand" skipper David Barnes said he couldn't sail the boat effectively without them.

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To aid design, "Stars & Stripes" raced its competitor on an HP computer.

TV camera images of the sails with "target" shapes stored in the computer. Another monitored stress on the ship's frame. While a workstation tracked boat speed, both true and optimum.

Being a much smaller boat, the "Stars & Stripes" had far less room for people or computers. But they did use an HP-71B hand-held computer for navigation.

A race without losers.

Hewlett-Packard congratulates the winner of the 1988 America's Cup. But, in our opinion, there was no loser.

Both boats established new standards for their respective classes, and made significant advances in the science of sailboat design.

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**HEWLETT
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sistence that "I am an environmentalist," is by far the more vulnerable. Repeatedly, he has been conceding that a Bush Administration would have to do better than Ronald Reagan's. But that raises the "Where was George?" question about his responsibility for the dreadful policies of the past eight years, when political appointees turned the Environmental Protection Agency into a cesspool: auto-emission standards were relaxed, and clean-water and clean-air laws languished. Reagan showed a willful disdain—and an awful ignorance—about environmental concerns, symbolized by his 1980 remark that trees are responsible for most pollution. Until his recent pronouncements, Bush showed little or no interest in the issue.

Nor does the former Texas oilman seem likely to buck the oil industry or curb the nation's consumption of oil. He has endorsed oil exploration in the Arctic National Wildlife Range, and he has come out strongly against any new oil-import fee and would be unlikely to impose any new gasoline tax designed to cut consumption.

Bush's greatest strength is his foreign policy experience; solving the environmental problem will require deft diplomacy. In a speech last month laying out his environmental policies, Bush proposed some sensible ideas. Among them: tackling acid rain by promoting more nuclear energy, halting ocean dumping by 1991, strengthening Superfund programs to clean up toxic wastes, and calling for a worldwide conference on the environment to be held at the White House.

In his rhetoric, Michael Dukakis has produced a near perfect platform on the environment. It blends conservation measures with a revitalized alternative-energy scheme. He has pledged a national policy that emphasizes cleaner fuels, such as natural gas, methanol and ethanol. Dukakis claims that he would also tackle the driving force beyond the degradation of the earth, explosive population growth. He has said he would rescind Reagan's "Mexico City policy," which cut funds from international family-planning programs.

But for all his sound plans, Dukakis has a spotty record. The Massachusetts Governor inadequately funded some of his environmental programs, occasionally appointed weak people to key positions and, when conflicts arose, was reluctant to antagonize business. He applied for permits to dump Massachusetts' garbage off the New Jersey coast, as Bush eagerly reminded that state's voters in a beachfront appearance early this month. Certainly Dukakis' options were limited: he knows from experience the difficulty of waste disposal. In addition, Boston Harbor may be the dirtiest in America. Dukakis is not solely to blame: it was fouled long before he took office. But he began the cleanup only after years of costly delay that stemmed from a reluctance to pay for such a mammoth project.

One Dukakis weakness is his narrow nuclear-power policy. While Bush enthusiastically supports the nuclear option, Dukakis has been an adamant opponent of the Seabrook plant in neighboring New Hampshire and an antagonist of nuclear power in general. His concern for safety is laudable, but the greenhouse crisis makes urgent a solution to these long-standing problems of the nuclear industry. To construct an effective energy policy, Dukakis must promote nuclear-energy research as vigorously as he does solar.

Whichever man is elected, certain environmental remedies must be sought quickly.

► The U.S. must ban chlorofluorocarbon production. This step would be an effective means of slowing ozone loss and greenhouse gas buildup. Both candidates endorse such a measure, but Dukakis would prohibit the importation of products manufactured with CFCs, such as Japanese computer chips. Chemical companies are unlikely to promote costly alternatives in a world

marketplace where other nations are selling the real stuff. So international agreements are necessary. A partial step was taken last September, when 24 nations agreed to cuts in their CFC production of 30% to 50% by 1999. But the "Montreal protocol" was a half measure at best. The U.S., without much of an economic sacrifice, could make a bold step by unilaterally banning CFCs.

► In order to burn less coal and oil, the U.S. should pursue alternative-energy sources, including nuclear power. Reagan decimated the budget for solar, while Japan and West Germany have been boosting theirs. That shortsighted approach must change. In addition, a new generation of nuclear plants that are safe even if mistakes are made by their operators must be developed.

► Gasoline use must be reduced through taxes and stricter standards. A modest gasoline tax would slow the rate of fuel use (as well as help reduce the Reagan debt). In addition, fuel-efficiency standards should be doubled for new cars. More than 60% of the nation's energy is used for transportation; a doubling of the current 26-m.p.g. requirement would cut in half that contribution of the CO₂ load. Current standards imposed on Detroit helped boost efficiency between 1975 and 1985 by more than 66% and helped save more than 2.4 million bbl. of oil a day, according to analysts. Yet the Reagan Administration relaxed this year's goal

for Ford and General Motors. Honda and Suzuki have cars in production that get 50 m.p.g.

► The environment must be treated as a foreign policy issue. Industrialized nations must solve the problem of managing the global commons. Who bears the costs for benefits over the border? The U.S. contributes only one-quarter of the CO₂ load and less than one-third of the CFC burden. The Soviet Union is the second largest consumer of fossil fuels, and Japan is third. Says University of Southern California Provost Cornelius J. Pings: "There is the potential for real tensions over these issues, especially if some countries continue to consume or won't agree to protocols." There is also the potential for shutting Third World nations out of the chance for industrial growth if restrictive energy policies are imposed. But if these global problems, with all their international entanglements, can be managed so that competing national needs are accommodated, that would lay the ground for dealing on other international-security issues.

► Deforestation must be stopped. This is an issue for the Third World, where forest clearing, agricultural practices and wood burning add significantly to environmental degradation. Each year 28 million acres of tropical forests are cleared, producing one-quarter of the CO₂ burden through combustion, erasing species of plants and animals, and allowing rains to sweep across smooth ground into floods, like those in Bangladesh. Trees, the lungs of the planet, are being cut down nearly 30 times as fast as they are being replaced. The U.S. should encourage a scheme, to be administered by the U.N., in which the foreign debt of Third World countries would be swapped for tropical forests. Also, reforestation programs can help cleanse the atmosphere of CO₂ while ensuring a stable source of fuel for the Third World. Finally, advanced kilns and stoves can be provided, so that scarce wood supplies can be used more efficiently.

President Bush or President Dukakis will need popular support to accomplish any of these things. It is possible that the intensity of this summer's environmental passions will cool in the autumn. Stoking those passions will be difficult because the problems are complex, the dangers seem misleadingly remote, and the cost of preventing chaos could run into the billions. Thus one of the most urgent tasks of the next President will be to explain the dire nature of the challenge. As the Great Communicator, Reagan had the opportunity to do just that but squandered it; his successor will not have that luxury.

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Taras (Terry) Liskevych brings a unique coaching philosophy to the 1988 U.S. Women's Olympic Volleyball Team. Coach for the University of the Pacific Women's Volleyball Team and holder of a Ph.D. in sports psychology, he believes the key to success comes from having the right frame of mind. And the right frame of mind is different for every individual.

"Coaches tend to lump a team together as a whole," explains Liskevych. "They give group commands like concentrate, get tough—and expect each athlete to respond to those words the same way. It'll never happen. To reach a player, you've got to know her as an individual—her strengths, weaknesses, response under pressure and her ability to meet the challenge."

MEETING THE CHALLENGE IN SEOUL

Volleyball is a team sport—one that

demands the kind of precision teamwork that must be built up over a long period of time. Yet when Liskevych first started training his team, it included only one player from the squad that had won silver medal honors in the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles. "We were told we'd never even qualify for Seoul, let alone have a shot at winning a medal," Liskevych recalls.

But the 39-year-old coach didn't get discouraged; he got down to business. Liskevych conducted an ongoing try-out and training program at the National Team's Headquarters in San Diego, California. There he shaped his present squad of 15 players—including 6'2" All-World pick Caren Kemner and 19-year-old sensation Keba Phipps. His exhaustive effort paid off. This past March, his team beat Cuba—considered to be the best team in the world—in the finals of the Canada Cup, firmly establishing the U.S. as one of the top volleyball teams in international

competition.

"We're operating as a whole today," Liskevych says confidently. "But we're a whole that's stronger because each individual is stronger. We're in the right frame of mind now, and we intend to take home a medal."

THE RIGHT FRAME OF MIND TO WIN

Liskevych shoots for the personal best from each of his athletes. The coach (author of numerous books on volleyball and a key player in the national development of the sport) employs the services of a "Performance Enhancement Team"—three trained sports psychologists who work with team members to sharpen their mental focus and confidence. He combines this strategy with performance playbacks on videotape to help players refine their motor skills and behavior.

For Liskevych, performance is a concept that extends well beyond the volleyball court. He demands that every member of his team either work or attend school. "I want them to be ready for life after volleyball," he says. "I believe that a winning performance on the court makes for a winning performance off the court. If I've taught my players that athletic discipline and the right frame of mind can make them winners in all areas of their lives, then I've been a successful coach."



Terry Liskevych,
coach of
the 1988
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Iran's postage



YELLOWSTONE Old Faithful Inn and Geyser stand in direct path of the inferno

YELLOWSTONE

A Hot Time at Old Faithful

The bellman at the Old Faithful Inn knocked at 6:45 a.m. last Wednesday to begin an evacuation of the popular sight-seeing area surrounding Yellowstone Park's famed geyser. As tourists became refugees, parts of the fire-ravaged park resembled a war zone. Clouds of smoke stretched as far away as Denver, 400 miles southeast. The worst flare-up, on Wednesday, roared through 56,000 acres in six hours and pushed to within a mile of the geyser. Flames 200 ft. high swooped down on a village not far from the Old Faithful Inn, destroying more than a dozen buildings. The fires have ruined 1.2 million acres of Yellowstone and adjoining national forests. As high winds threatened to pick up again at week's end, residents of nearby Silver Gate and Cooke City, Mont., were evacuated. Montana Governor Ted Schwinden banned hiking, fishing and camping in his state and postponed hunting season for the first time ever.

CORRESPONDENCE

Stamps and Sympathy

Since the Ayatollah Khomeini came to power a decade ago, Iran's stampmakers have made a habit of tweaking the

American eagle's beak. One issue depicted the takeover of the U.S. embassy in Tehran, another the abortive 1980 attempt by an American rescue team to free the hostages. Iran has a new addition to its philatelic collection: a stamp illustrating July's shootdown of an Iranian airliner by a U.S. warship. One such stamp came in the mail this month to International Pressure Service, a maker of high-tech aerospace equipment based in Urbana, Ohio. Inappropriately enough, the envelope contained a letter from an Iranian engineering professor requesting price and delivery information on material used in building aircraft.

Meanwhile, the Rev. J.W. Canty, an Episcopal priest in New York City, has collected about 200 letters from U.S. citizens, including the Governor of Florida and six U.S. mayors, expressing sympathy for the families of the victims. Canty will travel to Tehran next month to deliver the correspondence.

NEW YORK

"An Expensive Civics Lesson"

It was literally an eleventh-hour rescue for the city of Yonkers. Convening at 11:55 p.m. last Friday, the city council finally agreed to comply with a federal judge's order to build 800 units of mod-

erate-income housing in predominantly white neighborhoods. On Friday escalating fines imposed by Judge Leonard Sand had hit \$1 million a day, and 447 Yonkers employees—nearly one-quarter of the work force—faced dismissal Saturday morning under a "doomsday" plan devised by the state-appointed Emergency Financial Control Board. Libraries were to be closed, building-maintenance operations reduced, and street-cleaning service cut in half. And that would have been only the beginning; by mid-October roughly 88% of municipal employees were to be laid off, including large numbers of police and firemen.

For six weeks, four of the council's seven members had held out against the court-ordered plan, but increasing voter complaints as well as the threat of massive firings and eventual bankruptcy finally forced two councilmen, Nicholas Longo and Peter Chema, to back down. "I knew many of those people who would have been terminated," said Longo. "I'd been to their weddings, the baptisms of their children." This week the council members will present recommendations to the court that they hope will make the housing plan more palatable to its opponents. Said Longo of the ordeal that ultimately cost Yonkers \$800,000 in fines: "It turned out to be a very expensive civics lesson."

DRUGS

Rx: A Spot Of Tea

"Smoke two joints and call me in the morning." Medicine came a step closer to such a prescription last week when Drug Enforcement Administration Judge Francis Young ruled that marijuana is "one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man" and should be classified, like morphine and cocaine, as illegal for the general public but available by prescription. The administrative-law judge's ruling can, and probably will, be overturned by the DEA itself with the backing of parents' groups, police officials and nations cooperating with the U.S. antidrug efforts. DEA COUNSEL WILL BE FILING VIGOROUS EXCEPTION TO THE FINDINGS, read a cable from DEA headquarters to its field offices.

Ironically, the judge found marijuana useful in relieving nausea induced by chemotherapy and muscle spasms of multiple sclerosis but not in treating glaucoma, the disease of Robert Randall, whose legal battle with the DEA sparked the case. Randall gets his daily prescribed dose of marijuana from a pharmacy in Washington that is supplied by a federal farm in Mississippi. He believes the evidence before his eyes. "It's been twelve years," says Randall, who was expected to lose his eyesight by 1977, "and I haven't gone blind."



TIME Map by Paul J. Pugliese

BANGLADESH

A Country Under Water

Floods ravage a "basket case," leaving a quarter of the population homeless and raising fears of epidemics and starvation

"I don't know why God should punish us like this," sighed the weary President of Bangladesh, Hussain Mohammed Ershad, as he looked out a helicopter window at the devastation below. Even by the standards of his perennially destitute country, the punishment this time seemed inordinately cruel. As much as three-quarters of Bangladesh—a country the size of Wisconsin crowded with 110 million people—lay under water after it and neighboring India, Bhutan and Nepal were pelted by what may have been the heaviest monsoon rains in 70 years. An estimated 30 million Bangladeshis were left homeless. Many hundreds perished, though the full extent of the casualties will not be known until the waters of the Brahmaputra River recede enough for rescue teams to reach outlying villages.

Even then the crisis will not be over. Already, experts estimate that as many as five hundred thousand new cases of diarrhea are occurring each day, most of them caused by polluted drinking water. Dysentery and perhaps cholera may soon follow. Because the flood has destroyed at least a quarter of this year's food crops, widespread hunger and perhaps pockets of starvation are anticipated.

Yet the most crippling long-term blow to Bangladesh could be the massive damage to its roads, railways, bridges, dikes and buildings. With 17 years of hard-won development all but obliterated, Ershad said grimly, "It is not possible to survive like this. Whatever we have built, most of it is gone. It will take millions and millions of dollars, even billions, to repair the damage."

From his helicopter window, the President could see little last week except a brown ocean of muddy floodwater. In one area, all that protruded from the earth's watery surface were some straw roofs, treetops and a narrow stretch of

broken dike-top roadway 20 miles long. At least 220,000 people had taken refuge on this chain of tiny islands, and were building makeshift shanties. Some had managed to bring along their cows and goats, which were being kept alive on a diet of water hyacinths. Elsewhere, survivors were obliged to fight off poisonous snakes that had sought refuge on the same bits of dry land. The bodies of many victims of drowning, disease and snakebite were temporarily placed on rafts, because there was no dry land in which to bury them.

In the capital city of Dhaka, where the President's residence was knee-deep in water, streets had been transformed into canals. Boatmen were charging whatever the market would bear to move people to safe ground, but some clung to the roofs of their flooded homes to ward off looters. Ricksha Driver Mohammed Nasser, 18, boasted that he was making \$5 a day carrying passengers through flooded streets. He will need the money: the shanty he shared with his mother and sister was washed away.

As the extent of the damage became known, Ershad appealed for international aid, including food, medicine, water-purification tablets and 3 million tons of grain. "Pray for us," he told visitors. The U.S. pledged some \$150 million, much of it in grain, and \$60 million was offered by Japan, Britain, France, Canada, Turkey and others. Local relief agencies did what they could. In a northern section of Dhaka, a group of engineering students raised \$50, found a boat and poled their way along the main streets distributing food and medicine.

To its founders, who severed East Pakistan's links with West Pakistan after a violent upheaval in 1971 and established it as a separate nation, Bangladesh will always be "Golden Bengal." In reality, however, the low-lying delta country,

laced and often lashed by three great river systems, is still a "basket case," the cruel epithet thrust upon it at the time of its independence. A calamitous series of floods, cyclones and war-inflicted suffering have made it a focus of international concern from its inception.

This year's floods follow a devastating inundation in 1987, and worse may be in store. The problem begins beyond Bangladesh in a 600,000-sq.-mi. watershed of the Ganges, Brahmaputra and Meghna river systems. All flow through Bangladesh and empty into the Bay of Bengal. The watershed contains the southern slopes of the Himalayas in northern India, Nepal and Bhutan, where the hillsides have been ravaged by deforestation. With the denuded soil no longer able to absorb monsoon rains, the savage runoff increases year by year in speed and volume, bringing with it ever larger loads of





JOHN STERN

silt that end up on the river bottoms of Bangladesh.

India has averted the problem by building dikes to contain the monsoon-swollen rivers, but that has merely pushed the flood problem downstream. B.M. Abbas, a former minister of flood control in the Dhaka government who favors the construction of a vast system of Himalayan dams as a long-term solution, charges that "Bangladesh is being destroyed by its neighbors."

But part of the problem stems from

the country's extreme poverty and technological limitations. Untold numbers of poorly designed earthen dikes gave way last week. The embankments lack solid foundations, notes James Conway of the U.N.'s World Food Program, "because they don't even have rocks in Bangladesh." WFP has been donating millions of dollars' worth of wheat a year to the Dhaka government, which gives it to laborers for building dikes in a food-for-work program. Laments Andrei Filkitti, a hydraulic engineer who advises Dhaka on flood containment: "We have poured \$200 million into these dikes and drainage canals since the mid-1970s, and now there's not much left. We're trying to fight some of the biggest rivers in the world with simple earth."

Those rivers were already at normal flood levels by mid-August, when one-fifth of Bangladesh is typically covered by floodwaters. Late in the month a sudden and intense rainfall centered in the northeastern Indian state of Assam sent an additional torrent surging southward into the Brahmaputra. Only at the end of August did Dhaka officials realize the magnitude of the danger. Admits Ershad: "We were taken by surprise—that so much water could come." By Sept. 3, nearly every measuring station on the Brahmaputra had registered record levels.

The result was a degree of paralysis

that few nations ever experience. For three days last week, Bangladesh's only transportation link with the outside world was a pair of aging Fokker Friendship propjets that took off from a relatively short taxiway at Dhaka's otherwise flooded international airport, carrying small loads of passengers to and from Calcutta. Roads and railways were cut, and even ferryboats stopped running, because their terminals were flooded. At one point, only a handful of helicopters connected the capital with the rest of the country. By week's end, as the floodwaters started to recede, the Dhaka airport was reopened to permit the arrival of relief supplies.

Now, however, the government faces the all but impossible tasks of distributing emergency food aid to tens of millions of people and preparing for the epidemics that are sure to follow. Already hospitals are filled with victims of flood-related diseases, and raw sewage is contaminating water supplies throughout the country. "God willing, we will not allow anybody to starve," Ershad assured his countrymen during his helicopter visits, though he later remarked to foreign journalists, "How can you feed 30 million people? But we're trying our best."

Others fear that the world will become inured to the country's repeated calls for help. Observed a rural-development expert, Khwaja Shamsul Huda: "Bangladesh cries wolf too often. But this year the wolf is really on our doorstep."

—By William E. Smith

Reported by Ross H. Murro/Dhaka



Scenes from a worsening calamity: a woman carries her child through chest-deep water; refugees receive emergency food in Dhaka



Slain in a commando ambush, a terrorist is buried in County Tyrone ...



... after a British soldier killed by a guerrilla mine goes to his grave in England

World

NORTHERN IRELAND

Another Cavalcade of Coffins

Britain's army and the I.R.A. play a deadly game of tit for tat

Along the back roads of County Tyrone in Northern Ireland, black flags nailed to telephone poles fluttered desolately in an autumn mist. In Dunganannon an Irish tricolor flew at half-staff, while in Carrickmore the sidewalk curbs were painted orange, white and green. Thus last week did supporters of the tiny but lethal Irish Republican Army mourn the loss of three ranking "volunteers"—two of them brothers—who had been shot to death by British commandos in an ambush near Carrickmore.

After a series of successful attacks against British forces, the outlawed I.R.A. has suffered a string of mishaps and setbacks. In the Catholic Ardoyne district of Belfast, police last week confiscated 200 pounds of explosives and predicted that the I.R.A. was planning a "horrific remainder to 1988." That followed the arrests in Waldfeucht, West Germany, of two I.R.A. suspects by a border guard who discovered weapons in their car during a random search. Waldfeucht is only 16 miles from Rheindalen, headquarters for the 67,000 British troops stationed in the Federal Republic.

The most damaging reverse came in Derry, where a middle-aged man and woman were blown up by an I.R.A. booby-trap bomb intended for a British army patrol. The accident prompted yet another embarrassed apology by the terrorists. They realize such mistakes cost them support, even among sympathizers in Ulster's 500,000-member Catholic community, and stiffen the determination of the Protestant ma-

jority, 1 million strong, to continue keeping a lid on the minority.

The government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was meanwhile coping with a potential embarrassment of its own. In the British crown colony of Gibraltar, last week a coroner's inquest opened into the March 6 killing of another three-member I.R.A. team by a squad from the British army's antiterrorist Special Air Services regiment. The inquest is expected to last a month and hear testimony from more than 70 witnesses, including seven SAS members who were involved in the killings. The seven, identified only as Soldiers A through G, will testify from behind a curtain in the witness box, within sight of only the coro-

ner, lawyers and an eleven-member jury.

At the heart of the investigation are allegations that Britain has been conducting a shoot-to-kill policy against the I.R.A. Thatcher denies the charge, insisting that the security forces operate within the law and follow the same rules of engagement that prevailed during the Falklands war. "You obviously set certain criteria and let the people operate within them," she said.

Nonetheless, witnesses in Gibraltar have said the three victims—Mairead Farrell, 31; Daniel McCann, 30; and Sean Savage, 23—were unarmed, on foot and shot without warning by plainclothes gunmen, who immediately disappeared in police cars after the shootings. The accounts received some unexpected support last week from Dr. Alan Watson, a University of Glasgow pathologist who testified to the British government. He told the hearing that his work had been impeded by British officials, and described the shootings as a "frenzied attack."

Back in Ulster, Tom King, Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, defended the Carrickmore ambush killings of the latest three I.R.A. victims. "The security forces responded in a very effective way," he insisted. "This was a particularly nasty murder gang." The I.R.A. has admitted that the three, heavily armed and wearing jump suits and the sinister-looking hoods known as balaclavas, were on "active service" when the SAS cut them down in a hail of bullets. In Britain the ambush was applauded as the first stage in a more aggressive campaign by the government against the I.R.A. Thatcher said the recent upsurge in violence "strengthens our resolve," and added, "Terrorism is a form of tyranny. You can never let it win."

British security officials say the I.R.A. has amassed an awesome arsenal.



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nal. It reportedly includes more than ten tons of Semtex, a powerful, difficult-to-detect plastic explosive made in Czechoslovakia; a dozen or more Soviet-made SA-7 surface-to-air missiles; crates of grenades and grenade launchers; and at least 50 heavy machine guns. The weaponry arrived in three shipments by sea from Libya between 1984 and 1986 and was hidden in the Republic of Ireland and Ulster.

Philosophically, the I.R.A.'s goal remains unchanged: forcing Britain to withdraw its troops from Ulster's six counties. As the I.R.A. sees it, ending the "occupation" would lead to reunification with the 26 counties of the South and a new Ireland under a socialist government. To further their cause, the guerrillas now specifically target British soldiers: ten were killed in 1987, and 31 already this year.

In contrast to the 30,000-strong British security forces, there are probably no more than 150 full-time activist I.R.A. "volunteers," or regulars, backed by some 800 supporters who provide intelligence and safe houses. Fighting units are divided into tiny cells of three or four volunteers who operate independently, under general policy directives that are transmitted with excruciating care via long-time, trusted confidants.

Politically, the I.R.A. has not fared well lately and operates from a narrow base. In elections in the Irish Republic last year, Sinn Féin, the political arm of the I.R.A., pulled only 19% of the vote and failed to win a seat in the Dail (parliament). In Britain's 1987 general election, Sinn Féin won less than 12% of the ballots cast in Northern Ireland.

The I.R.A. faces other problems. The tragically mistaken deaths on Aug. 31 of Sean Dalton, a 55-year-old taxi driver, and Sheila Lewis, a 60-year-old widow, who were blown up when they went to check on the apartment of a friend in Derry, were a worse blow to the guerrillas than the loss of gunmen. The deaths of innocent victims horrifies moderates among the Northern Irish Catholics whom the I.R.A. claims it wants to emancipate.

Ironically, it is in battle areas such as the heavily Catholic Falls Road district of West Belfast that optimists see Northern Ireland's best chance for ending the killing cycles. Despite the violence and unrelenting tension with Ulster's Protestant majority, daily life for Northern Ireland's Catholics has improved in some respects. Thanks to a \$2 billion investment in public housing, for example, the proportion of Belfast dwellings judged unfit for human habitation has shrunk from 25% in 1974 to 10% today. The main beneficiaries have been Catholic residents. Building on that, British and Irish moderates hope, will eventually lead the Catholic community to turn against the gunmen. "The only people who can beat the I.R.A.," said Father Denis Faul, "are the little women of the Falls Road." —By Christopher Ogden/Dungannon

HUMAN RIGHTS

The Cries of the Kurds

Iraq uses chemical arms against a rebellion

Sefika Ali, 20, a pretty Kurdish woman in a soiled yellow dress, was cooking breakfast for her husband and three children when she heard the sound of aircraft. The Iraqi warplanes started dropping bombs on Butia, the village in northern Iraq where she lived. "I felt something wrong in my eyes, and I started to vomit," she says. "We knew what it must be, so we all drank a lot of milk and then we ran."

The attacks on Butia and other Kurdish villages began three weeks ago, and have prompted fresh denunciations of the government of President Saddam Hussein for using chemical weapons in violation of international law. The assaults are part of a drive that has virtually crushed a long-simmering rebellion of the Kurds and punished Kurdish guerrillas—known as

U.S. intelligence agencies confirmed that Iraq was using chemical weapons once again. Secretary of State George Shultz last week delivered a searing protest in a 50-minute meeting at the State Department with Saadoun Hammadi, Iraq's Foreign Affairs Minister. And the U.S. Senate passed a bill that would impose economic sanctions against Baghdad.

The offensive in northern Iraq resulted in one of the biggest setbacks for the Kurds since they started agitating for autonomy decades ago. The European powers that signed the 1920 Treaty of Sevres never honored a provision granting independence to the Kurds. Instead, the region they inhabited in what was formerly the Ottoman Empire was divided among five countries that are now home to 20



At the border: Kurdish women en route to refugee camps put their belongings aboard trucks. Witnesses said most victims of the poison-gas attacks did not survive.

pesh mergus, or "those who face death"—for collaborating with the enemy during Iraq's eight-year war with Iran. When Iraq agreed to a truce on Aug. 20, the Iraqis began to move against the Kurds.

By last week, as some 60,000 Iraqi troops backed by aircraft, tanks and artillery continued the operation, at least 60,000 Kurds had fled across the border into Turkey. In the safety of one of four refugee camps there, Sefika and her family were relatively fortunate. According to some reports, the Iraqis killed at least 2,200 civilians and 250 *pesh mergus*. Though not all the dead were victims of chemical warfare, the attacks revived ghastly memories of Iraq's poison-gas blitz last March in the village of Halabja, where an estimated 4,000 Kurds died.

The two main rebel leaders, Masoud Barzani of the Democratic Party of Kurdistan and Jellal Talibani of the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan, accused Iraq of committing genocide against the Kurds, a non-Arab Muslim people who make up about 20% of Iraq's 17 million population. After

million Kurds: Iraq, Iran, Turkey, Syria and the Soviet Union. Reflecting confidence that it now has the latest uprising under control, Iraq last week proclaimed an amnesty for Kurdish rebels.

Few Kurds are expected to take up Iraq's offer while fear and resentment over the recent attacks are running so high. At a camp near the Turkish village of Ortaköy last week, 7,000 exhausted refugees were fighting malaria, diarrhea and intestinal diseases from their journey. There was scant physical evidence of either chemical or gas bombings, but refugees said those victims had not lived to carry their tales across the border. In a primitive medical clinic, Caglayan Cücen, a Turkish doctor, said he would never forget treating a little Kurdish girl for an injured foot. "She was crying and crying," he said. "Then I realized that there was another sound just outside: hundreds of the Kurds, hundreds of them, had begun to cry with her."

—By Scott MacLeod.

Reported by Cathy Booth/Ortaköy and Ricardo Chavira/Washington





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World



Cries for "Dee-mah-cra-see!": antigovernment demonstrators, some brandishing national flags, march in the capital last week

BURMA

At the Edge of Anarchy

The government agrees to elections, but mass protests continue

Column upon column, they clogged the streets of Rangoon, cheering and clapping, chanting and waving flags. As the numbers swelled into the hundreds of thousands, representatives from almost all walks of Burmese life could be identified among the waves of protesters who marched 20 abreast through the capital. Roman Catholic priests and nuns paraded behind a banner proclaiming **JESUS LOVES DEMOCRACY**. Government employees brandished a **MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS** sign, while retired military men proudly unfurled a banner reading **ASSOCIATION OF FORMER COMMANDERS AND OLD COMRADES**. From self-identified housewives to state factory workers and students, all were there to demand "Dee-mah-cra-see!"

Orderly and friendly, yet adamant and determined, the people of Burma pressed their demand for the three-week-old government of President Maung Maung to step down and open a path to a free, democratic state. Finally the regime began to buckle under the pressure. At an extraordinary session on Saturday, the ruling Burma Socialist Program Party gave way—at least, partly—to the popular clamor and declared an apparent end to the country's 26 years of one-party domination. The BSPP said elections would be held and multiple parties would participate. But the government set no date for the balloting and continued to refuse to meet the main demand of the burgeoning opposition forces, that it relinquish power.

Previously Maung Maung and the party faithful had only agreed to discuss a referendum on one-party rule. If they hope their latest concession will buy some time, they are almost certain to be disappointed. In the wake of the election announcement, loudspeaker trucks raced through the streets, calling for new demonstrations to bring down the ruling clique. The same kind of insurgent spirit has gained the upper hand in most of the rest of the country.

The boldest individual challenge to the beleaguered government last week came from an unexpected source: former Prime Minister U Nu, 81. Toppled from power in 1962 by General Ne Win, who ruled Burma for the next 26

years, U Nu asserted last week, "Though I have been robbed of my power, I am still the legitimate Prime Minister." In a remarkable display of Burmese-style *chutpah*, U Nu named a government and announced that general elections would be held on Oct. 9 to ratify his claim to power.

U Nu did not name to his government two popular opposition figures, retired Brigadier General Aung Gyi and Aung San Suu Kyi. That omission all but doomed the effort. Aung Gyi, who won wide support for his public challenges to the defunct Ne Win regime, called U Nu's action "preposterous." Aung San Suu Kyi, the daughter of a martyred national hero, told *TIME* that "U Nu is a possibility" to head an interim government. But she savors comparisons of herself with the Philippines' Corazon Aquino, and when asked if she was willing to head a government, she responded, "If I thought it necessary, I would."

More threatening for the government, there is evidence of growing disarray in the military. Late last week 200 uniformed members of the air force, most of them sergeants and privates, defected to the antigovernment opposition. But it remained unclear which way the country's 20 or so generals would tilt should the government press the military into heavy-handed action against civilians, as happened last month.

With the situation on the edge of anarchy, several countries, including the U.S. and the Soviet Union, evacuated dependents of embassy employees last week. What happens next may depend on the military. "Don't leave," a senior military figure advised at week's end. "The next few days should be interesting."

—By Jill Smolowe.
Reported by William Stewart/Rangoon



Insurgent spirit: an old man joins the fray

World Notes



YUGOSLAVIA Demonstrators demand action against ethnic violence

YUGOSLAVIA

The Serbs In Revolt

With eight nationalities, three religions, five languages and two alphabets, the polymorphous nation of Yugoslavia has long bubbled with ethnic rivalry. One of those conflicts now threatens to erupt into violence. Angry Serbs are staging increasingly militant demonstrations against their countrymen in Kosovo who are ethnic Albanians. The biggest demonstration so far took place Sept. 3, as 70,000 protesters gathered in the town of Smederevo, near Belgrade, to demand action by the central government.

The Serbs complain that the Kosovo Albanians have launched a campaign of terror and rape to drive them out of the heavily Albanian province. Says Radomir Smiljanić, a well-known Serbian writer: "The harassment of women has become so common that Serbs have to accompany their wives and daughters to work and school." Officials in Kosovo vehemently deny the charges, and non-Serbs elsewhere agree they have been wildly exaggerated by the Serbian press.

Last week the Serbian Communist Party organization and its popular boss, Slobodan Milošević, defied a government demand that the protests be stopped. Late in the week the government in Belgrade attempted to defuse the increas-

ingly tense standoff by agreeing to send a Serbian police unit into a Kosovo village to help federal authorities protect the local Serbs.

CANADA

Deal of the Century

They are already known as the "first Canadians." Now 13,000 native Indians and métis (of mixed European and Indian stock) who inhabit the Mackenzie River Valley in Canada's Northwest Territories are about to become the region's biggest landlords. With drums beating a steady cadence and 1,000 Dogrib, Slavey, Chipewyan and Cree Indians and métis looking on, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney last week signed a tentative agreement calling for \$403 million and 109,000 sq. mi. of federal lands to be turned over to native peoples in the western subarctic end of the region that stretches across the top of North America. Along with two other agreements covering parts of the Northwest Territories and the Yukon expected next spring, the accord appears to be the largest land transfer since the U.S. bought Alaska from Russia in 1867.

The agreement ends 15 years of land-claims wrangling and clears the way for the social and economic development of an area roughly the size of Texas. Besides land and

cash, the native people will receive 10% of royalties from minerals, oil and gas that may lie beneath the tundra, as well as traditional fishing and hunting rights over an additional 600,000 sq. mi. of boggy terrain. Said Alexis Arrowmaker, an elder of the Dogrib tribe: "The young generation is going to appreciate what we've done."

ISRAEL

Conduct Unbecoming

Having defended the Jewish state against hostile neighbors for the past four decades, the Israel Defense Forces enjoy a unique place of honor. Service in the I.D.F. is the ultimate act of patriotism for Israeli citizens, and draft dodging is virtually unthinkable. So when authorities last week announced that senior army officers and I.D.F.-employed physicians had arranged medical exemptions from military duties in exchange for bribes of up to \$10,000 and other favors, the shock was considerable.

Eight I.D.F. personnel have been arrested, as well as eight civilians. Files have reportedly been opened on 200 suspects. Ze'ev Schiff, a leading Israeli military commentator, said the "enormous stress" on the I.D.F. from so many wars, intensified by lengthier reserve duty during the nine-month-old Palestinian uprising, may have weakened the willingness of

some Israelis to serve. In the past, when the I.D.F. discovered cases of forged medical records, most of the culprits were trying to get into elite units by concealing disqualifying ailments.

FRANCE

Phantom of The Airspace

Look, up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! Yes, it's definitely a plane, and it's the talk of Paris. Since midsummer, a phantom pilot has taken to the night sky at least three times, flouting aviation regulations by cruising several hundred feet above Notre Dame, the Place de la Concorde and other monuments. Police have been scanning the night skies with infrared binoculars to find "the Black Baron," as journalists have dubbed the aviator.

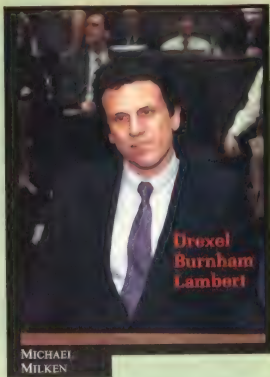
Last week a man claiming to be the Baron showed up on a late-night television talk show. Disguised by a mask, he admitted making three low-altitude flights above the city. Claiming that he is frustrated and bored by air-traffic regulations, the man pledged that he would buzz the city a final time in coming weeks. Within 24 hours, the daily *Le Monde* reported that police sources had identified a prime suspect: Albert Maltret, 52, who was arrested in 1986 for landing a single-engine plane on the Champs Elysees. "It's not me," Maltret told *Le Monde*. "They have no proof against me."



ISRAEL Troops of the I.D.F. subdue a Palestinian

Throwing The Book At Drexel

The Government's sweeping fraud charges could cripple an investment empire and its junk-bond wizard



Michael Milken, the most powerful financier of the 1980s, was limping when he entered a mid-Manhattan office last Wednesday to meet with TIME Senior Correspondent Frederick Ungeheuer for a rare interview. The 42-year-old junk-bond wizard was recovering, he explained, from knee surgery to remove cartilage he had torn in a backyard basketball game at his suburban Los Angeles home. Looking tanned and relaxed, Milken did not know that he was minutes away from being slammed with one of the most sweeping stock-fraud lawsuits in Wall Street history.

He spoke with boyish enthusiasm, fixing his visitor with an unhurried, brown-eyed gaze. His talk was of noble pursuits. He spoke of plans to finance employee takeovers like one last month in which his firm helped a labor union buy a Seattle tugboat-manufacturing company. Such efforts, he said, would foster a more democratic kind of capitalism.

The one subject Milken studiously avoided was the intensive 22-month federal probe of the junk-bond department he heads at the Drexel Burnham Lambert investment firm, but the matter soon forced itself on him. Suddenly his lawyer was summoned from the room. Within minutes he returned and led Milken away. Down the hall the attorney informed Milken that a long-feared moment had arrived: the Securities and Exchange Commission was filing a weighty civil complaint against him.

his employer and several colleagues.

The case could be a turning point in the fortunes of Wall Street's most go-getter firm, the financing machine that drove much of the corporate raiding of the roaring 1980s. The complaint charged Milken and Drexel with a whole catalog of offenses, including fraud against the firm's own clients, insider trading, the "parking" of stocks to conceal their true ownership, and the destruction of accounting records to cover up the transgressions.

"They've thrown the book at them, almost every violation of the 1934 Securities and Exchange Act," said Edward Brodsky, a Wall Street lawyer and former U.S. Attorney. Potentially the most devastating charge was the accusation that Drexel, the fifth largest U.S. investment firm (1987 revenues: \$3.2 billion), had cheated some of its important customers. Said Brodsky: "That is raw stuff."

The complaint casts the Beverly Hills-based Milken as the mastermind of a secret, bicoastal arrangement with Ivan Boesky, the Manhattan financier now serving a three-year prison term for insider trading. From 1984 until late 1986, according to the Government, Boesky secretly bought and sold huge blocks of stock at Drexel's behest to push forward the firm's takeover deals and to reap millions of dollars in illicit profits. Five others were charged as participants in Drexel's schemes: Milken's younger brother Lowell, an attorney who works in the company's junk-bond department; Cary Maultasch and Pamela Monzert, traders for the

firm; and the Miami-based industrialist Victor Posner and his son Steven.

The SEC asks that the defendants be forced to return profits they made from the alleged scams, along with any losses they avoided, plus a fine of triple that total. The complaint leaves the court to calculate that number, but estimates put it as high as several hundred million dollars. If Drexel and company lose the case, the SEC could also impose penalties ranging from censure to banishment from the securities business.

Yet the civil case is probably just a prelude to criminal indictments—and potential jail terms—that Milken and his colleagues could face as soon as U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani finishes a nearly two-year investigation that has paralleled the SEC's. The prosecutor is expected to finish presenting his case to a Manhattan grand jury by the end of September. Last week Giuliani sent so-called target letters to Milken and four colleagues, notifying them that they are likely to be indicted within one month.

Milken and Drexel issued sharp denials and promised to fight the charges. Said Milken: "For the past 22 months, I have been the subject of a shadow trial of systematic leaks and innuendo based upon false accusations. No one likes to be sued, but I welcome the opportunity to have at long last a full and open hearing of the allegations in an unbiased forum."

At the same time, Drexel moved quickly to reassure employees and customers. Frederick Joseph, the firm's chief

Running Up the Tab

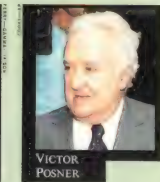
Drexel is charged with defrauding its own client, Maxxam Group, in the New York City real-estate developer's 1985 bid to take over Pacific Lumber. Just before the announcement of the offer, **MAXXAM** Drexel and Maxxam had begun arguing over the investment firm's fee for its advisory services. As a ploy to boost its fee, the government claims, Drexel secretly asked Arbitrator Ivan Boesky to buy Pacific shares on its behalf at prices above Maxxam's bid of \$36 a share. That maneuver eventually forced Maxxam to pay \$40 a share and accordingly increased Drexel's fees, which totaled \$22 million.

Milken and Drexel are accused of pulling a similar scheme on Wickes, the California conglomerate, when it made its 1986 offer

for National Gypsum at \$54 a share. On the day before the offer, Drexel allegedly bought Gypsum shares without informing Wickes, its client, in a scheme to drive up its fee income. Boesky bought heavily too, on Drexel's behalf, the next day. Wickes eventually lost out to a rival bid of \$68 by Gypsum's management, but Drexel earned \$6.7 million on its trading in Gypsum.



IVAN
BOESKY



VICTOR
POSNER

No Parking Allowed

In 1984 Milken and Boesky allegedly used an illegal scheme to help Miami Industrialist Victor Posner and his son Steven take over Fischbach, a New York City construction firm. Their tactic: a practice called parking, which is used to conceal the ownership of a block of shares. Posner had been unable to gain control of Fischbach because in the settlement of an earlier

struggle for the company, he had agreed to limit his stake to 24.9% unless another raider were to buy more than 10%. To help Posner out, Milken allegedly asked Boesky to buy more than 10% and hold the shares for Posner. The Miamian used Boesky's move as a rationale to acquire 51% of the company, and is now chairman.

executive, spent an hour explaining the charges over a telephone hookup with 10,000 workers in the U.S. and overseas. The company handed out red-and-blue T-shirts emblazoned with the slogan WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, DREXEL GETS GOING. The firm sent soothing letters to 5,000 clients in which Drexel estimated that its fines would amount to only about \$100 million and compared that figure with the firm's total assets of about \$30 billion.

Reaction to the SEC charges was muted, mostly because Wall Street knew they were in the works. The stock market remained calm, and the prices of junk bonds barely moved. Said a rival executive: "The impression on the Street is that Drexel has done a terrific job of damage control." Added a Drexel manager: "If people have a concern, it's the size of their bonus at the end of the year."

The Drexel charges grew out of the Boesky case: In November 1986 the speculator paid a \$100 million fine to settle civil charges of insider trading and agreed to provide information and testimony about his colleagues. Boesky had a close relationship with Drexel, which helped him raise \$660 million to reorganize his business, a huge arbitrage operation that speculated on takeover stocks. The SEC charges that Milken developed an arrangement in which Boesky acted as a front for secret excursions by Milken and his colleagues into the stock market. The arbitrator would be the shareholder of record, but Drexel would share the profits

and guarantee him against any loss. A central piece of evidence in the Government's case is the record of a \$5.3 million payment from Boesky to Drexel. It was ostensibly for "consulting services," but the SEC calls it a payment of illicit stock-trading profits.

The Government claims that Milken and Drexel used the arrangement "to profit at the expense of their clients, publicly owned companies and the investing public." In some cases, Drexel told Boesky about takeover bids that the firm's clients were preparing. Since the stock price of a target company almost always rises in a takeover battle, Boesky could buy shares in advance, make a quick profit and split the proceeds with Drexel.

The accusations, if true, tend to diminish Milken's aura as the consummate dealmaker whose success can be chalked up to brilliant insights and 18-hour workdays. Even so, Milken's reputation will be far more difficult to explode than Boesky's. The junk-bond whiz has irreversibly changed the face of corporate America by making large-scale financing available to thousands of corporations and takeover artists.

Extremely publicity shy, Milken has always been a positive thinker. He was head of the cheerleading squad at Birmingham High School near Los Angeles. A graduate of the University of California, Berkeley, and Pennsylvania's Wharton business school, Milken realized the potential of junk bonds while earning his

M.B.A. The bonds, which pay a higher yield than investment-grade bonds, formerly represented the downgraded debt of ailing companies. But as a trader at Drexel in the mid-1970s, Milken began pushing new junk-bond issues as a financing tool for medium-size companies that were unable to float higher-grade debt.

Milken persuaded Drexel to allow him to move from the East Coast to Southern California in 1978, a relocation that gave him more independence. By 1982 he had begun using junk bonds to raise money for takeover artists, which created both controversy and a huge run-up in his profits. Milken began staging an annual junk-bond conference that became known as the Predators' Ball. He soon emerged as the biggest moneymaker for Drexel, earning bonuses of \$100 million to \$200 million a year and accumulating a 4% ownership in the firm. His current estimated net worth is \$500 million. Yet Milken is an ascetic (no alcohol, no caffeine, not even carbonated drinks) who lives in a modest five-bedroom home in the San Fernando Valley town of Encino. There he spends a quiet life with his wife Lori, his high school sweetheart, and three children.

Since the Boesky affair broke, Milken has occasionally met with journalists to avoid appearing to be a recluse and to shake off his reputation as purely a money hound. During the past year, Drexel has carried out a multimillion-dollar print-and-TV campaign to bolster its reputation and point out the socially useful applications of junk bonds. One spot tells how a bond issue enabled a municipality to af-

Economy & Business

ford the liability-insurance premiums to keep a playground open.

The junk-bond market that Milken created is growing less dependent on him for stability. Such firms as First Boston, Morgan Stanley and Salomon Brothers have become sizable underwriters, making the market more liquid and adaptable than it was a few years ago. Drexel's share of new junk-bond issues stands at about 50% today, down from 68% in 1984.

The Drexel case may speed passage of tougher laws against insider trading. Edward Markey of Massachusetts, chairman of the House subcommittee on telecommunications and finance, called the case the "most massive and pervasive scheme of fraud on Wall Street since the 1920s." He has introduced a bill that would give informants a bounty of up to 10% of the

penalties for insider trading and would increase the maximum jail sentence from five years to ten.

Drexel has reportedly set aside a \$650 million war chest to fight the SEC's charges. A big part of the firm's strategy will be to attack the Government's case for being too dependent on Boesky. Says Martin Flumenbaum, who will defend Milken: "It will turn completely on Boesky's credibility, and Boesky has a clear motive to lie and fabricate." For its part, the SEC claims that it has substantiated its case with transaction records and testimony from Drexel employees, most notably Charles Thurnher, a senior vice president in the junk-bond department. Says Gary Lynch, the SEC enforcement chief: "We are deter-

mined to litigate this to a conclusion."

Despite Drexel's combative public posture, the company is probably wrestling with a difficult decision: whether to endure a trial or try to negotiate a settlement. Drawn-out civil and criminal trials would be a drain on Drexel's resources and customer goodwill. Moreover, Drexel may have more court battles to fight against its aggrieved clients and the investing public. Late last week a lawyer in Philadelphia filed the first suit on behalf of stockholders in the companies listed in the Government's case. As Drexel's legal troubles proliferate, they are already transforming the firm from an aggressor feared by competitors into an embattled defender of its prominent place on Wall Street.

—By Stephen Koopp

Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/New York

Gold Among the Ruins

Investors hunt for bargains among failed savings associations

Most investors make money by avoiding financial disasters. But a growing number of savvy business executives have begun seeking fortunes in the ruins of the savings and loan industry's insolvent institutions. Since 1984 investors have bought 260 failed S and Ls, most of them in the West and Southwest, where thousands of loans to the depressed real estate and oil industries have gone bad. Last week Robert Bass, 40, one of Fort Worth's billionaire Bass brothers and an accomplished takeover artist in his own right, joined the trend. He led a group that agreed to put up \$550 million in capital to take over the financially comatose American Savings and Loan Association (assets: \$30.8 billion) of Stockton, Calif. If he can turn American Savings around, Bass, like many other new owners who have paid fire-sale prices for their S and Ls, stands to earn an enormous profit. The deal seems virtually guaranteed to succeed: as part of the rescue, the Federal Home Loan Bank Board pledged a record \$2 billion to help prop up American Savings.

Why buy a troubled S and L? For starters, once the bad loans have been excised, the thrift institution's traditional business of writing mortgages can be quite profitable. Now that many home loans have adjustable interest rates, few S and Ls should be savaged, as they were in the early 1980s, by having to pay high rates to depositors while receiving low yields on long-term mortgages. Furthermore, real estate prices in the Southwest cannot stay depressed forever. "We're at or near the bottom of the cycle for the Texas economy," says William Gibson, a former Continental Illinois banker who, with other



Looking to make a killing: Texas Billionaire Robert Bass

Government help makes the investment virtually risk free.

investors, last month paid \$48 million for twelve troubled Texas S and Ls (combined assets: \$2.4 billion).

But the greatest incentive for investors to buy large bankrupt S and Ls is that the Government will often promise to reimburse the new owners for any existing loans that are not repaid. Reason: the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, a Bank Board unit that insures S and L deposits, would soon run out of money if it simply shut down the troubled giants. Paying off all American Savings' F.S.L.I.C.-insured depositors would have cost an estimated \$4 billion to \$5 billion, twice the price tag for last week's rescue. Thus the Bank Board must find buyers for the distressed S and Ls and, in the worst

cases, offer huge loan guarantees to make the transactions virtually risk free. In Gibson's deal the Bank Board agreed to provide \$1.3 billion in guarantees and other assistance that will allow the investors a decade to return their newly merged S and Ls to financial health.

Critics charge that the Government is getting robbed. Democrat Ferdinand J. St. Germain of Rhode Island, chairman of the House Banking Committee, accused the Bank Board last week of simply giving American Savings to Bass without seriously entertaining a competing bid from First Nationwide Bank, a San Francisco-based subsidiary of Ford Motor. And Democratic Senator Donald Riegle of Michigan is worried that Bass might use money from the federally supported S and L to unfairly augment his corporate-raiding power. The Bank Board's chairman, M. Danny Wall, defends his bailout, calling it the best deal the Government could get. Furthermore, he notes, the federal agency holds a 30% share in the California S and L and will profit handsomely if it recovers.

The Bank Board needs as much money as possible from private investors, since the cost of bailing out the savings industry could run as high as \$100 billion. Fortunately, the message seems to be getting out. In San Francisco last month, more than 350 potential investors attended a Bank Board seminar on how to buy an S and L, and 500 others were turned away for lack of space in the meeting room. Just as important to the S and L industry are transfusions of money, though, are infusions of management skill. The economic convulsions suffered by the savings industry in the 1980s have proved that it is no place for amateurs with get-rich-quick schemes. —By Christine Gorman.

Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and Richard Woodbury/Houston



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Economy & Business

Who Ever Said Talk Was Cheap?

From stock news to sex chat, hot lines turn patter into profits

Ira Oppen wonders how he got along without Surfline. A TV sports producer by profession and beach bum at heart, the Californian dials 976-SURF almost every day. For 95¢ a call, Surfline reviews beach conditions along 485 miles of coast from Santa Cruz to San Diego, updated twice daily based on reports from 100 part-time scouts. Says Oppen, 39: "It's like having a direct line to King Neptune." Thanks to devoted dialers like

its Dial-It service. The 900-prefix, long-distance lines enabled callers to participate in automated polls, typically sponsored by TV shows, for 50¢ for the first minute. Initially AT&T pocketed all the toll charges, but in 1985 the company began sharing the proceeds with smaller companies that operated the information services. The arrangement sparked a proliferation of long-distance call-in lines, from which AT&T generated about \$100 million in revenues last year.

Local dial-up services—carrying such prefixes as 976, 540 and 410—started sprouting after the breakup of the Bell system in 1984. The so-called Baby Bells, legally prohibited from offering their own information services, began forging alliances with hundreds of small firms. In exchange for the use of the telephone lines and their billing departments, Baby Bells charge a fee and also pocket a percentage of the monthly tolls.

As the industry grows, hot lines are catering to increasingly specific audiences. Angliers in

Ohio can call the 976-FISH line to find out what's biting. Superstitious residents of New York City can ring up the 976-TARO (short for tarot) to hear their fortunes, while nonsmokers can call 540-LUNG to find out about the latest tobacco-industry liability cases. Customers with Touch-Tone phones can program a wake-up service in which the customer will be greeted by a sultry recorded voice ("Time to wake up, tiger").

So far, sex has been the best seller, generating more than a third of the industry's revenues. The dial-a-porn lines offer everything from recorded fantasies to lusty personal ads. Bawdy party lines have also proliferated, though their popularity is fading. Many of the numbers are far from erotic, providing legitimate dating services or outlets for gentle conversation.

Yet the ease with which



children can tune in to the dialogues, along with their capability of running up bills as high as \$6,000, has inspired parents to protest the porn and party lines. Phone companies will usually forgive one month's charges if a customer claims

the calls were placed by a child. As a result of these giveaways, some of the upstairs phone services are facing uncollectible bills amounting to as much as 30% of their total revenue.

Even so, legislatures are coming under increasing pressure to ban dirty dialing. In April Congress banned the transmission to minors of obscene or indecent material for commercial purposes. Federal courts in New York and California promptly

struck down the portion of the law applying to merely indecent matter (messages are deemed obscene if they discuss sexual activity in a clearly offensive manner, while an indecent recording might include nothing more than strong language).

While porn lines may wither, the dial-up industry is likely to thrive by attracting plenty of legitimate entrepreneurs. It has become a haven for people who have ample imagination but a shortage of capital. W. Brooks McCarty, 38, a former Los Angeles ad executive, invested \$35,000 two years ago to start a dial-up service that listed job openings. McCarty's company, National Telephone Information Network, now offers 30 different services, which dispense tips on travel, business and other subjects. This year's expected revenue: \$10 million.

McCarty has high hopes for the industry: "It's the beginning of a multibillion-dollar wave of information-providing services, all funneled through your personal phone." Those who want to follow his example can get a primer by dialing a New York City phone number, 540-4540. The message: how to start your own dial-up service.

—By Barbara Rudolph
Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and
Dennis Wyss/San Francisco



Oppen, the 3½-year-old Surfline handles 1.2 million calls a year in California and has expanded to three areas codes in Florida.

Caller-paid services like Surfline are increasing faster than a Valley Girl's phone bill. The number of such hot lines operating in the U.S. has doubled in the past year, to 3,800, offering a growing Touch-Tone emporium of services ranging from the practical to the kinky. Customers can call for soap-opera updates, used-car prices, stock quotes, sex fantasies or rock-concert schedules. Prices run from as little as 50¢ a call to nearly \$5 for the first minute.

Total revenues are expected to reach \$450 million this year, up 50% from 1987. While the industry has already encountered a legislative clampdown that could limit the use of dial-a-porn and party lines, investors believe legitimate caller-paid services have huge growth potential. "This is a hot, faddish business right now," says Chris Elwell, senior editor of the *Information Industry Bulletin*. "But it's only in its infancy."

Today's dialing-for-data industry was actually born decades ago, when New York Telephone first started offering the time of day in 1928 and the weather report in 1937. The company added Dial-a-Joke in 1974 and a recorded Santa Claus message the following year. But no one made money on the announcements until 1980, when AT&T launched



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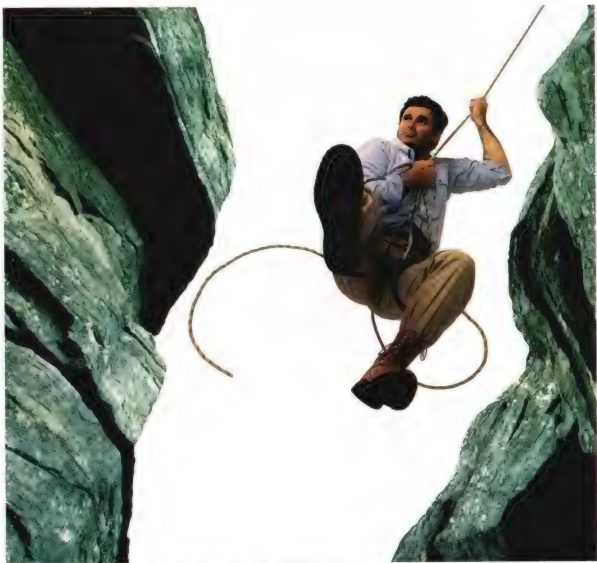
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Business Notes



RESORTS Waikoloa's Hyatt offers adventure—at a price



TRADE A protected industry seeks more relief

TRADE

A Tempest Over Textiles

The White House and Congress are locked in another major battle over protectionism. Last week the Senate passed, by a vote of 57 to 32, a bill to grant import relief to the textile industry. Since eleven Senators did not vote on the measure, it remains uncertain whether the bill's supporters can muster the 67 votes needed in the Senate to override a promised presidential veto. The bill, similar to one that has already passed the House, would cap increases of foreign textile and apparel imports at 1% a year. They have been rising by an average of 16% annually since 1980.

The textile industry, which has lost 55% of its market to imports, has put pressure on Congress to do something. Concern runs highest in the South, where economies depend on the business. In South Carolina, for example, textiles and apparel account for 48% of all manufacturing jobs.

But the Reagan Administration argues that the textile industry is already among the most protected in the U.S. The average tariff on textiles and apparel is 18%, nearly three times the rate on other manufactured products. U.S. Trade Representative Clayton Yeutter calculates that the typical American family pays \$238 a year more for clothing than it

would if the textile business were not protected. Any new round of import relief will raise prices even more.

OIL

No Peace For OPEC

When Iran and Iraq decided to end their eight-year war, oil producers hoped that a new spirit of unity in OPEC would lead to a boost in crude prices. But the cartel is still fueled more by friction than by fellowship, and oil prices are plunging. Last week the cost of West Texas Intermediate, the benchmark grade of U.S. crude, dropped 4%, to \$14.18 per bbl.—its lowest level in nearly two years. Reason: although OPEC agreed last month to hold daily output to 15 million bbl., some 20 million bbl. are flooding the market each day. Among those exceeding their quotas are Iraq, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates. If Iran and Iraq forge a lasting peace, analysts believe both countries could boost their production levels still more.

That could be good news for consumers. If crude-oil output remains high and prices stay down, gasoline and heating oil will eventually cost less. But it will take at least two months for the benefits of OPEC's overproduction to trickle down to the retail level.

BOYCOTTS

Trying to Silence Sassy

Sassy magazine may not have *Playboy*-style naughty photos, but the bold, breezy teen monthly prints plenty of material suggestive enough to draw the wrath of the Rev. Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority. Under the direction of Editor Jane Pratt, 25, *Sassy* has published such articles as "The Truth About Boys' Bodies" and "How to Kiss." That is too much for the Moral Majority, which in the mid-1980s helped persuade a few retailers, including 7-Eleven stores, to stop selling *Playboy* and other skin mags. In its *Liberty Report* newspaper, the Moral Majority urges readers to write to *Sassy*'s advertisers and demand that the firms boycott the magazine.

The campaign may be having an impact. After placing ads in the magazine since its inception, Noxell (Cover Girl Cosmetics) and Schering-Plough (Maybelline) have suspended advertising. The companies, though, insist that they are not responding to pressure from the Moral Majority.

Sassy's strong readership (circa 500,000 after only seven issues) probably guarantees that it will survive the Fundamentalist fire. Sandra Yates, president of Matilda Publications, the New York City company that publishes *Sassy*, says new advertising contracts have "virtually replaced" the

revenue lost from dropped accounts. In any case, the editorial content of *Sassy* will evolve. November's issue will contain the article "Virgins Are Cool."

RESORTS

And What Is Your Fantasy?

Although Ricardo Montalban and Herve Villechaize, were not on hand, the posh Hawaiian resort that opened last week could well be named Fantasy Island. The new Hyatt Regency in Waikoloa on the main island of Hawaii offers luxury accommodations for \$195 to \$375 a night. For \$325 extra, guests can train for a day under a professional driver, then suit up for a mock Grand Prix auto race along the coastline. Those who seek Hemingway-style adventures can hunt wild Russian boar and Longhorn bull on an island safari (\$550).

As part of a resort-industry trend toward offering action-oriented vacations, the Hyatt-Waikoloa boasts a fleet of paddle boats plying a four-acre lagoon and trams traveling over wildlife preserves. For the less adventuresome: seven restaurants, twelve bars and a mile-long gallery of Oriental art. The resort cost more than \$360 million to build, including \$22 million for a 77-step, pink-flagstone grand staircase.



To Be The Best



The best of anything. The best of everything. The best of everyone.

Once, wars were called off for the Olympic Games, but lately the Games have been lopped off for wars. Like a wreath bent out of shape by an ocean wave, one Olympic ring at a time, representing a continent or so, has dislodged itself in a snit and drifted away. The race was still won in 1976, but the Africans weren't in Montreal. The basket was still scored in 1980, but the Americans weren't in Moscow. The weights were still lifted and the punches still landed, but in 1984 the Soviets and Cubans weren't in Los Angeles. Some incalculable competition was missing, so some inexpressible definition was lost.

Probably it is too simple of human beings to want to look in on their own progress quadrennially, hoping to gauge how far they have gone by how fast they can



go, as if the breed could hope to improve on Emil Zátopek. He was the beau ideal in 1952, a balding Czech about the size of a parking meter, who ran all day and all night with his shirt peeled up and his tongue rolled down. When Zátopek raced, hearts raced. Whoever his modern descendant might be—the Moroccan Said Aouita, likely as not—he will almost certainly be in Seoul. Besides North Korea, only Cuba, Nicaragua, Ethiopia, Albania and the Seychelles have demurred. For the first time since the bleak year of 1972, practically the whole world is expected.

Wars aren't completely out of mind. The awful chill of Munich precedes every reunion now. At least since Hitler and probably since Zeus, the Games have been an irresistible forum for political commentary, not to mention a handy occasion for defections. But the unfaded memory of the murders in the Israeli

quarters still haunts the Olympics. It makes every volatile stop seem fearsome until the hosts—the Korean people themselves, not the overgrown playground directors—step forward. That will be the first event.

The image of excellence steadily changes, but the impression of it is always the same (stirring, stunning, surprising), and just the fact of it is reassuring. Knowing that the field is fairly well complete, the spectators will be able to kick back over the next two weeks and trust their emotions. When it comes to expressive faces, the finish line has nothing on the living room. Not every Olympic event compels every watcher, but every winner does. Some people can blithely read a book during the actual competition, but they have to glance up at the victory lap, and they almost always smile. To be the best at something, the best in the world.

—By Tom Callahan



Regal Masters Of Olympic Versatility

Joyner-Kersey is at a place Thompson has known and strains to hold, where all you need is everything you've got



She is the standard this time. The Olympics will be considered a success if the course of international sweetness and light runs and jumps and generally glides along as smoothly as Jackie Joyner-Kersey. A third of a second late in 1984, she had to wait four full years for her time to come, to go flying leglong into Seoul like a streamer of confetti.

Dashing, racing, hurdling, hurtling, heaving cannon balls, slinging spears—long jumping on the side—Joyner-Kersey has at last reached the station her grandmother foretold 26 years ago in naming her after a First Lady of the U.S. Momentarily, Jacqueline means to be the First Lady of the world, not only in the heptathlon and the Olympics but in women's athletics entirely.

As Daley Thompson has been the natural heir to Jim Thorpe, she would be the Seoul beneficiary of Babe Didrikson Zaharias. Joyner-Kersey and Thompson, the two-time Olympic decathlon champion, puffing for three, embody all the basic wonders of the Games and encompass almost every grade of emotion. One is just arriving at a place the other has been straining to maintain. She's the blur; he's the mist. They have a "special understanding," as he likes to put it, and a few things to say.

She comes from East St. Louis, Ill., which is more than just seven miles removed from St. Louis. In rapid order, she was the second of four children born to children, Alfred Joyner and Mary Gaines, 14 and 16 the day they wed. When Jackie says she's preoccupied lately with thoughts of "all the people who dedicated themselves to helping a young girl



dream," she starts with a family huddled several generations strong in either the coldest or the warmest house on Piggott Avenue, across the street from a tavern, down the block from a pool hall, around the corner (blessedly) from a playground.

The boy-father started out shining shoes, mowing lawns and "watching cars" in that estimable neighborhood. When he eventually found formal work, ultimately as a brakeman on the railroad, it carried him far from home for considerable stretches. With a willow switch, Mary took charge. "She applied some disciplines just for discipline's sake," recalls Jackie, "like making us wear our clothes back-to-back. 'Why the same thing two days in a row?' I'd plead. 'Can't I stagger them?' 'No,' she'd say. 'This is the rule of the house.'"

There are cheerleaders and there are athletes. Nearly no one but Jackie was both. "From being a cheerleader at the youth center, I knew at the age of nine that I could jump. That's when I started running and jumping off my porch." A firemen's brigade of siblings used a potato-chip bag to "borrow" sand from the center and install a landing pit off the porch. Jackie's main co-conspirator was her older brother Al, whom she could beat at everything. "I didn't have a big brother," Al says. "I had Jackie." Through a fluttering porch-side window shade, enjoying the sounds of plotting, their father heard 14-year-old Jackie announce one evening that someday she was going to be in the Olympic Games.

Nino Fennoy, a saintly coach of the kind these neighborhoods always seem to inspire, steered her through a series of Junior Olympics champion-

ships and a busy career of basketball and volleyball at Lincoln High. An admirer of the great Tennessee State track coach Ed Temple, Fennoy had been keeping an eye out for his own Wilma Rudolph. The pigtails, the skinny legs, the scraped knees were not his signal. "It was the smile," he says. Coach Fennoy required her to keep journals on the teams' small road trips and monitored her syntax and spelling. "Where you're going," he told her, "you'll need to express yourself with more than your legs and arms."

The girls' basketball team at Lincoln went 62-2 her last two years, and Jackie was All-State. Escorted by her father, the man who had finished high school with an armful of babies, she went to UCLA on a basketball scholarship. She would make the Bruins' all-time list in practically every category: fourth in rebounds, eighth in scoring, tenth in assists. In 1981, in the middle of Jackie's freshman season, Mary died of meningitis after an illness that lasted one day. She was just 38. "Her determination," Jackie says, "passed to me." Leaning on a UCLA assistant track coach, Bob Kersee, Jackie began to point toward the 1984 Games.

By that time, Kersee was coaching both her and Al, and on a remarkable August night the two schemers from Piggott Avenue made history. Al had all but won the triple jump when Jackie took her mark in the 800-meter run, the finale of the heptathlon. If she could stay within about 15 yds. of the Australian Glynis Nunn, Jackie's lead under the weighted point system would hold up. But her left leg was bound with a hamstring wrap that crippled her confidence more than her stride.

BLUR AND MIST:
ENCOMPASSING
EVERY WONDER
AND EMOTION

**A third
Thompson win
would be a
decathlon
record. Most
consecutive
field golds?
Discus Thrower
Al Oerter's four
straight, from
1956 to 1968.**



AL OERTER (1956)



JUMPING IS
THE LOVE OF
JOYNER-KERSEY—
JUMPING FOR JOY

The heptathlon is a two-day series of seven events for women.

Day 1:

1. 100-m hurdles
2. High jump
3. Shot put
4. 200-m dash

Day 2:

5. Long jump
6. Javelin throw
7. 800-m run

The competition, which replaced the five-event pentathlon in 1984, is decided by a complicated scoring system that converts performance times and distances into a weighted points scale.

As Jackie reached the final turn, Al was suddenly alongside her, running in silhouette on the grass. By .33 sec., just about a step, she lost the gold medal. Totalling 6,385 points to Nunn's 6,390, Jackie came off the silver stand almost directly into Al's arms. "It's O.K.," he comforted her, and she smiled. "I'm not crying because I lost," she said. "I'm crying because you won." That night in East St. Louis, the streets filled up the way they used to in Detroit after a Joe Louis fight. Everyone came out to sing.

Noticing how careful Jackie was not to emphasize her injury and cloud Nunn's moment, Kersee started looking at her as more than just a sublime athlete. Since their marriage in 1986, she has overwhelmed the field with the only 7,000-point performances on record—four of them. He says, "At times I feel she's possessed by athletics. She can go on and on." With a sigh she agrees, "I don't know what it is about that extra second or inch. I expect so much out of myself." She always aches but never minds. "Ask any athlete, we all hurt at all times. I'm asking my body to go through seven different tasks. To ask it not to ache would be too much."

Eight tasks, actually. Against her coach-husband's resistance, she insists on long jumping with the long jumpers as well as the heptathletes. When she jumped 24 ft. 5½ in., to equal the world record last year, Kersee was the one who wept. "I always cheer for my athlete, never for my wife," he says. "As soon as the husband starts to worry 'That's my wife out there in pain,' the coach has to say 'Shut up and get back in the stands.' But you can't always separate them. She's fun to coach when she's not in one of her rebellious moods, but that tenacity is what makes her the world's greatest." In other words, if she wants to jump, she jumps.

"Jumping has always been the thing to me," she says. "It's like leaping for joy, but of course there's more to it than that. Galina Chistyakova [U.S.S.R.] has just done 25 ft., Heike Drechsler [G.D.R.] is on the runway and I'm behind her. You have to respond here and now. It lets you know what you're made of." Throwing things never thrilled her quite as much, but she says, "I've learned to enjoy it all, even the 'big man's' events."

At 5 ft. 10 in., 153 lbs., Joyner-Kersey is a streamlined strong woman who puts no one in

mind of a weight lifter. "I wish I could take Babe Didrikson's arm," she says, "and put it on mine." Jackie smiles at, but endorses, her sister-in-law Florence Griffith Joyner's frilly expressions of track and pulchritude, and favors lipstick shades that outblush fire engines. "I don't think being an athlete is unfeminine. I think of it as a kind of grace."

She doesn't object to the compliment, but she doesn't really think of herself as the greatest woman athlete in the world. "It's just a phrase," she says. In the Olympic trials, when Griffith Joyner upstaged her steady dominance with the flash of a record 100 meters, Joyner-Kersey had a way to smile at that too. Flo is Al's wife, and he's her coach now. Al just missed repeating on the team, but he won't miss the Games. Jackie might have felt a little old and left behind without him.

Enduring athletes often look back in amazement at how long they have remained. But Great Britain's Daley Thompson, the second decathlete to win two Olympic gold medals, the first in all history to covet a third, set out to stay. At Montreal in 1976, when he was 18, Thompson observed Bruce Jenner's triumph from the shade of 18th place and had an outlandish notion. Even before his 1980 victory in Moscow, he confided it to the 1948 and '52 champion Bob Mathias. "I got a postcard from Russia," Mathias recalls. "All it said was 'I'm going for three.'"

In Los Angeles four years ago, Thompson was a loud and wonderful cinch. But the going has not been as easy lately. His nine unbeaten summers ended at last year's world championships in Rome, when he more than surrendered his world title to the East German Torsten Voss. Out of fettle because of an early season groin pull, Thompson stubbornly pressed on when he might have dropped out, and finished a poignant ninth. Since then, he has entered only fragments of events, with desultory results, and in an incomplete exhibition last month looked down, if not done. *Track & Field News* had picked him in June to win the third gold, but is wavering now. Favoring Voss, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* failed to mention either Thompson or his historic foil, 6-ft. 7-in. Jürgen Hingsen of West Germany, among the likely top three in Seoul.



"I have an inordinate amount of faith in my own ability to do things," Thompson says crisply, though his voice and manner have softened since 1984. He is known for a charming braggadocio that runs to self-aggrandizing T-shirts. And if asked how he is, he will probably still reply, "A little short of fantastic." But marriage last year to his childhood sweetheart settled Thompson noticeably, and the birth of a daughter twelve weeks prematurely jumbled his regimen. "My little girl weighed less than a bag of sugar. It was incredible how tiny she was. Yet she was perfectly formed." He stopped training long enough to help worry her through the crisis of her entry to life. Nine months later, everything but his reputation for invincibility is well.

"I have to win just to justify the amount of work I've put in," Thompson says. "I don't think of it as the work since the last success but as the work since the very beginning. To me, it's always been accumulative. But even to lose, I think I'd still do it. No matter how it's gone or how it goes, I wouldn't change anything. It fulfills me to be what I am."

Thorphe won his Olympic decathlon at Stockholm in 1912. "You, sir," declared King Gustav, "are the world's greatest athlete." To which Thorpe replied with touching simplicity, "Thanks, King." Thompson has often heard the description "world's greatest athlete"—in fact, he has been called the greatest of all time—but has never seriously proclaimed the title. "It's merely a tag," he says. He does feel akin to Thorpe though. "We're all his descendants—Mathias, Rafer Johnson, Jenner, me. We've all shared something. It's passed down from one to the next. It's never anyone's property. It's only mine for the moment."

His square name is Francis Morgan Thompson. "Daley" is a corruption of *Ayodele*, an African endearment bestowed by his Nigerian father and mispronounced by his Scottish mother. It means "joy enters the house." "That was the only thing," in Thompson's bittersweet estimation, "that they got absolutely right." His London childhood was something out of Thackeray, not Dickens, though classic shadows like boarding schools were involved. "Since forever, I always thought I was going to be the best in the world at something. My school friends used to laugh at me, but I kept searching for the thing that would express who I am. There's

only one key for every lock, you know. As soon as I found the decathlon, I knew it was me."

Though at first he resisted the idea of giving up sprinting, the perverseness of specializing in versatility appealed to his sense of justice and mischief. "In any walk of life, there'll always be a bloke more talented in this or that, who's smarter in some way, or richer, or faster, or just better suited. But can the thing that he was given be lined up against everything you've got?" At 6 ft. ½ in. and 195 lbs., much too thick and blocky for track, though not nearly brawny or flexible enough for the field, Thompson is ideally constructed for none of the ten events. "But I'm happy with my dimensions," he says. "I've got by so far. Would I change anything at all? Sure, I would. I'd take Paul Newman's eyes."

The Olympics stir Thompson. "As a concept," he says, "I think it's one of the most genuinely humanitarian thoughts that man has ever had. The youth of the world coming together to play—it's a wonderful dream." He quadrennially skips the opening parade to save his legs from the speeches and his head from the pigeons, but partakes in all the casual camaraderie. "I'm a Village person. I like to go around and meet gymnasts and weight lifters, every kind of athlete. We share a special understanding. All sports are the same; it's just the rules that are different. Were [the basketball star] Michael Jordan and I to meet, I honestly think we could communicate without sentences, with just the start of words, maybe with knowing nods alone. At the Olympics, I love watching almost anything at all that's special, as long as it doesn't have a horse in it."

For someone who pulls down hundreds of thousands sipping soft drinks on billboards, Thompson sounds suspiciously like an amateur. "I like to think of myself as one of the last true amateurs," he says, "but I can only be an amateur because I can afford to be. Inside, though, that's exactly what I am. I love the occasion and I can't help showing it. At the end of the day, I think that's the real reason why the public doesn't enjoy Carl Lewis. He never looks to be having a good time."

Thompson frequently trains in California and is a student of the U.S. "It's nice to get away from the English ambience. If you're at all aggressive—gung ho—it's really kind of frowned upon. Whereas, in

THOMPSON LOVES THE OCCASION: MULTIPLE LOCK WITH A SINGLE KEY

The decathlon is a series of ten events for men.

Day 1:

1. 100-m dash
2. Long jump
3. Shot put
4. High jump
5. 400-m run

Day 2:

6. 110-m hurdles
7. Discus throw
8. Pole vault
9. Javelin throw
10. 1,500-m run

The decathlon, which traces its origins to ancient Greece, uses a weighted point system like the heptathlon's. The last time the scoring tables were adjusted, in 1985, an earlier performance was reevaluated, and Thompson surpassed Jürgen Hingsen as the world record holder without even putting on his track shoes.

Acting, the eleventh event.

Among decathletes who tried the silver screen at least once:

- Jim Thorpe
- Bob Mathias
- Rafer Johnson
- C.K. Yang
- Dennis Weaver
- Bruce Jenner

America, they appreciate that. In fact, it's a prerequisite to getting around. For everybody on the street, every day is a competition. "One national trait troubles him: 'People in the U.S. tend to value a sport or a sportsman exactly according to how much money is involved. In adjacent arenas, if Carl Lewis and Ben Johnson were running for a \$1,000 prize, and six monkeys were racing for \$10 million, which place do you think would be filled? Honestly, if Jesse Owens and Jim Thorpe were around today, I wonder if as many people would have heard of them.'"

On practice fields at UCLA or the University of California, Irvine, he has encountered Joyner-Kersey now and then. "A very pleasant girl," he says, "and a beautiful athlete." She recalls that at

every encounter he would brush her with a dare or nudge her with an insult. "He was the one who challenged me to go over 7,000. 'Why not be the first?' he'd say. Or he'd go the other way: 'Nobody will ever jump 24 ft. in the heptathlon. Give me a break.' I knew what he was doing."

Neither of them talks about the prize or seems to care about the benefits. "The medals don't mean anything," says Thompson. "and the glory doesn't last. It's all about performing well, and feeling deeply about it." Joyner-Kersey says, "The rewards are going to come, but my happiness is just loving the sport, loving sport, period." Zaharias and Thorpe are around today, honestly, and everyone has heard of them.

—By Tom Callahan

For Speed and Style, Flo with the Go

Florence Griffith Joyner has always looked sensational on the track. In the 1984 Olympic trials she glistened in shimmering bodysuits, earning the nickname "Fluorescent Flo." In the Los Angeles Games, in which she won a silver medal in the 200 meters, she flaunted 6-in. fingernails, which didn't cause any apparent wind drag. At the world championships in Rome last year, she resembled an exotic alien in her hooded bodysuit. And at this year's Olympic trials in Indianapolis, she titillated fans with the "one-legger," which covers one limb in vivid color and leaves the other muscularly bare.

But it was Griffith Joyner's performance in the 100 meters that caused the real sensation at the trials. In the blistering sun (the track heated up to 115°), Griffith Joyner atomized Evelyn Ashford's 1984 world record. Track aficionados found it hard to believe that this relative novice at 100 meters could lower the mark to 10.49 sec., a time that womankind was not supposed to reach until the next century.

How had this good—but not great—200-meter runner suddenly blasted the 100-meter record by a preposterous, in sprinter's terms, 27 sec.? And done it at an age, 28, when most athletes are losing half a step? Some have whispered, as they have about countless other athletes, that performance-enhancing steroids have to be a factor behind such dramatic improvement. Griffith Joyner attributes it to hard work and collaboration with her husband of almost a year, Triple Jumper Al Joyner (who narrowly missed a berth on this year's team). "I've trained a lot harder, maybe three times harder, this year," says Flo-Jo, as fans call her. Always a glutton for workouts, she often endures 1,000 sit-ups a day. Last fall she added almost daily sessions with weights, and can now squat an impressive 320 lbs. "In order to burst out of the blocks, you need a lot of leg strength," she says. "Before now I never had that great a start." As for drug use, Griffith Joyner says, "I don't think a person has to use drugs. There is no substitute for hard work."



GLISTENING, SHIMMERING, BUT MOSTLY SIZZLING, AND READY FOR THE DANCE

The triumph in the 100 is all the sweeter because it is an opportunity she almost missed. "I was never allowed to concentrate on the 100," she says. "Yet I had the fastest time in America in 1985 and again last year. I was always somewhat overlooked." Her coach, Bob Kersee, had found gold for other athletes, including Jackie Joyner-Kersey, who is Kersee's wife and Al Joyner's sister (making the four of them a sort of First Family of U.S. track). "Bobby told me to go to the trials in the 200," says Flo-Jo. "But Al and I had decided I'd go to the trials in the 100 and 200." After the event, Griffith Joyner announced that instead of Kersee, her husband would henceforth be her coach.

The two train together and advise each other on and off the track. Despite the flashy outfits, Griffith Joyner is soft-spoken and demure away from competition. She pays fastidious attention to her appearance. In fact, if she has time between heats, she will change not only her outfit but also her nail polish. "I love it when she paints on little palm trees," says an adoring Al. He insists that his wife's departure from Kersee's club will not cause any awkwardness come Thanksgiving Day. Says Al: "Jackie will always be my sister. Bobby will always be my brother-in-law, and Florence will always be my wife."

From now on, Florence may also be a star. Since the trials, she has been flooded with requests for interviews and invitations to compete. She's done more talking than racing. She chose to run at only two European meets and posted respectable but unspectacular times (she claims that a head wind was at fault in one of the races). Al reports that she has turned down \$200,000 in race invitations since she broke the world record. "Let others chase the fool's gold. We'll chase the real gold. It's like we have a savings account. We drew out a little in July. But this," he says, referring to Seoul, "is the house we want."

And Griffith Joyner has the explosive power to get it. In late August she was out doing a morning workout on the track at the University of California at Irvine. As usual, was running some warm-ups with her. All of a sudden, Florence shot off like a Lycra bullet, leaving her husband well behind. Her 160-meter sprints were so draining that she would walk slowly and deliberately around the rest of the quarter-mile track to allow her body to recover. As the Games approach, her sights seem tightly focused. She refuses to say whether she thinks she'll do better in the 100 or the 200 in Seoul. But Flo-Jo does concede that she will run both races in a standard U.S. team uniform, not the one-legger that has become her signature.

—By Ellie McGrath/Irvine

TRACK & FIELD SHORTS

One Down, Two May Go

Perhaps it was Mexico City's high altitude that produced such rarefied records, three of them, at the 1968 Games. Bob Beamon's 29-ft. 2½-in. long jump. Lee Evans' 43.86-sec. 400 meters and the U.S.'s 2:56.16 in the 4 × 400-meter relay. They are still three of track and field's greatest achievements.

But this Olympic year one has fallen at last, and the others could be in jeopardy. Last month American Harry ("Butch") Reynolds ran a blizzing 43.29 400 in Zurich to break Evans' mark. He will try to better that in Seoul. And he figures to anchor a strong 4 × 400 relay team that ex-



RECORD SHAKER: REYNOLDS TOPS EVANS' 400-METER MARK

perts think could have a chance at the 1968 mark. Then, says Reynolds, 24, his goal after the Games is to meet his hero Evans, who is coaching sprinters in Cameroon.

Beamon's record will be the toughest to overtake. The jump was almost surreal. In the 33 years since Jesse Owens jumped 26 ft. 8½ in., the mark had increased only

8½ in. In one leap, Beamon raised it by nearly 2 ft. Since then, Carl Lewis has jumped over 28 ft. 22 times without a disqualifying trailing wind. Only eight other legal 28-ft. jumps have been recorded. Lewis' best is 4½ in. short of Beamon's. Although he has won 55 consecutive long-jump competitions, Lewis is also well remembered for passing his last four jumps at the '84 Games, when the gold medal was his but the record wasn't. "The event that means the most to me is the long jump," says Lewis. "I was never really aiming for the record. That was just a media thing. I'm still aiming to improve. I would like to hit 29 ft. and go from there." From there, it is still precisely 2½ in. farther. ■



HARD-LUCK MARY IS BACK

End for the Slaney Jinx?

When Mary Decker Slaney fell agonizingly to the turf in Los Angeles in 1984, a victim of tangled feet with Zola Budd, it seemed to be the painful end of an Olympic dream. The young woman, who at 21 began amassing world records, established herself as America's best middle-distance runner. But luck was never with Slaney, who seemed star-crossed where the Olympics

were concerned. During the 1976 Games she was laid up with leg injuries, and she had to sit out the following Olympics because of the U.S. boycott. And by the summer of '88, Slaney would turn 30.

But she is back. Slaney gave birth to a daughter in 1986, and two weeks later was running six miles. That led to Achilles' heel damage, which required surgical repair. She emerged this spring, Achilles-healed, and at the U.S. trials she surprised experts by entering—and winning—both the 3,000- and 1,500-meter events. Now the prospect of a pair of gold medals in Seoul is not impossible.

"I'm really fresh and really anxious," she says of her preparations for upcoming confrontations with a strong Soviet, Tatyana Samolenko, and Rumanian Paula Ivan. There will be no rematch with South Africa-born Budd. Slaney's Olympic nemesis was tastelessly hounded into retirement earlier this year by foes of apartheid. Slaney recently has been on antibiotics for an unspecified illness, but her once fierce confidence has returned, this time tempered with the realization that dreams are oh so fragile. "Cross my fingers," she has been saying often these pre-Olympic days. "Knock on wood." ■



UP, UP AND AWAY: SWEDEN'S SJÖBERG CLEARS THE BAR

Zeroing In On Eight Feet

As modern man and futuristic equipment approach the once unthinkable 20-ft. pole vault, the 30-ft. long jump, the 60-ft. triple jump and the 2-hr. marathon, the benchmark most likely to fall in Seoul is the 8-ft. high jump. Sweden's Patrik Sjöberg and West Germany's Carlo Thranhardt shared a world record of 7 ft. 11½ in. until last week, when Cuba's Javier Sotomayor soared 7 ft. 11½ in. in Spain. At least three other jumpers, West German Dietmar Mögenburg and Soviets Igor Paklin and Gennadi Avdeyenko, are potential Olympic eight-footers. Sotomayor is among the boycotters.

The enigmatic Sjöberg seems to have the best chance.

A born rebel who took to smoking at six and shoplifting as a teenager, the reigning world champion is known for his flashy sports cars, below-shoulder-length blond hair and stormy relationship with his coach. "I have no education, no profession. Now it is time for me to look after my future and make provision for it," he says. Sjöberg calls the 8-ft. barrier his next goal "because it is such a big thing in the United States," where appearance fees run high on the indoor circuit.

When 13-time World-Record Holder John Thomas of the U.S. became the first to top 7 ft. indoors in 1959, there were no fat fees or endorsements with shoe companies. Recalls Thomas: "My coach slipped me an extra \$10 that night for hamburgers, and I was king of 44th Street. Times change." Barriers fall. ■

Sprite Fight

Which of the extraordinary tumbling pixies will become the Seoul sweetheart?

Gymnastics has included a 100-yd. dash, rope climbing and club swinging. U.S. gymnasts won their first team gold in 1904. No other countries competed, however. U.S. Star George Eyser captured five medals that year despite a serious handicap: a wooden leg.



Olga. Nadia. Mary Lou. Their first names alone are the way we remember them, the last names seemingly too tedious and weighty for ones-so petite. Olga Korbut was the scrawny, pig-tailed brunet at the 1972 Munich Games who, with her double-jointed contortions and infectious grin, convinced us that human hearts beat within the bodies of robotic Soviet athletes. Four years later at the Montreal Games, it was a long-limbed brooding Rumanian, Nadia Comaneci, who stole hearts by posting the first perfect 10s ever in Olympic gymnastics competition. Then in Los Angeles in 1984, American Mary Lou Retton bounced into our living rooms with her big vault and still bigger smile, assuring her place in the pantheon of gymnastics greats and on boxes of Wheaties.

Come the Summer Games, as sure as there will be botched routines and disputed scores, it is a fair bet that an agile sprite in a colorful leotard will emerge as a sweetheart of Seoul. For reasons as difficult to identify as the gradations of excellence that turn silver to gold, sports fans quadrennially bestow their affection on an elfin gymnast. Perhaps it is the daunting mix of skills: the daring speed and height of the vault, the elegance and precision of the balance beam, the strength and fluidity of the uneven parallel bars, the showmanship and gravity subversion of the floor exercise. Or perhaps it is the sheer beauty of a sport that seems as artistic as it is athletic.

Certainly, the charm of the tiny competitors cannot be dismissed. How, we wonder, can ones so young and so small compete with such fierce determination and concentration? The commentators may speak of "women's gymnastics," but these are adolescent girls. If the 1987 world championships, held last October in Rotterdam, are any indication of things to come, the four events will be dominated by four teenagers: Rumania's Aurelia Dobre and Daniela Silivas, and the Soviet Union's Elena Shu-

shunova and Svetlana Baitova. Most of them weigh less than 90 lbs. and do not clear 5 ft.

But don't start chanting "Aurelia" or "Elena" yet. If gymnastics is among the most beautiful of the summer sports, it is also among the cruelest. Titles come and go overnight, lost by the most negligible slips or breaks of form on an apparatus. In Rotterdam, Dobre surprised even her own teammates by capturing the all-around title, nudging aside co-defending World Champions Shushunova and Ok-sana Omelianchik of the Soviet Union, who placed second and fifth respectively. Silivas, who had emerged as the 1987 European champion just five months earlier, fell to third following bobbles on the uneven bars and balance beam.

Injuries may take competitors out of the running. Sometimes the enemy is a sudden growth spurt that adds unwanted height and weight. No one knows that better than American Kristie Phillips, who just two years ago was touted as "the new Mary Lou." Then Phillips grew 4 in. and put on 15 lbs. Now, at 16, she is in the disappointing position of being a second alternate; two members of the U.S. team would have to withdraw for her to compete in Seoul.

If there is any safe calculation to be made, it is that the Rumanians and Soviets, back after the 1984 boycott, will dominate the team competition and the individual battles on each piece of apparatus, as well as the sprite fight for top all-around gymnast. At the world championships, Rumania edged out the Soviet Union for the team medal by just 0.45 of a point.

The strength of the East Europeans is hard earned. Their rigorous training practices are legendary. In Rumania, for instance, tots are singled out as young as age four for training at one of the country's elite sports schools. To gain admission, the tumbling tykes not only have to excel at tests that demonstrate speed, flexibility and abdominal strength, but they must also convince coaches that they possess that unquantifiable drive that makes for champions. Once admitted, they find that their academic schedules and lives revolve around training.

Americans, by contrast, tend not to commit themselves fully to the elite gymnastics clubs until as late as twelve years old. Even then, they often bounce among coaches, trying to find the most comfortable niche.

Whoever the heart slayer in Seoul is, she need not be the best to be the most beloved. Much as Midori Ito, the gutsy Japanese figure skater, charmed the crowd at the Calgary Winter Games despite her fifth-place finish, gymnasts sometimes emerge from the pack more for their sparkle or originality than the perfection of their routines. Olga Korbut, the first Olympic competitor ever to perform a back flip on the balance

OLGA



PHOTO: GARY/STUDIO

DANIELA



EUGEN LAM/USA - SUPERSTOCK

ELENA



JIMMYE WINTER/SEE

beam, dominated the 1972 competition, although she placed only seventh in the all-around. Similarly, bubbly Mary Lou Retton was the toast of Los Angeles when she captured the all-around title, but Rumania's Ecaterina Szabo was actually her better in most of the battles in the individual events.

That said, the applausemeter favors Rumania's Aurelia Dobre. Weighing in at 88 lbs. and standing 5 ft. tall, the 15-year-old is a petite powerhouse whose feline brown eyes seduce even as her tight-lipped concentration blocks out the noisy crowds. In Rotterdam she claimed the all-around title with flawless elegance and a Nadia-like composure well beyond her years. "Cool?" asks former U.S. Coach Don Peters. "She had ice in her veins." Dobre's maturity was all the more surprising given the fact that this was her



SVETLANA BOGINSKAYA

DREYER/USA TODAY

whom Dobre dethroned as world champion. At 19, Shushunova is a geriatric in the world of gymnastics. The Olympics, she concedes, "will be my last big hurrah." A consistent and strong competitor who impresses the judges, the sullen-faced Shushunova lacks the charisma and light-footedness that ignite audiences. But the Leningrad tomboy does not lack confidence. "If I prepare well, I'll get 10s in everything and won't have to worry about my competitors," she says.

"I'll roll right over them like a tank."

Some of the stiffest competition will come from those she trains with at the Palace of Sports in Minsk. During a relaxed warm-up, as a Michael Jackson tape plays softly over the loudspeakers, the individual personalities emerge. Natalia Laschchenova, who turns 15 this week, is the prankster, tripping her teammates when the coaches are looking the other way. Svetlana Boginskaya, 15, the tallest

SVETLANA BAITOVA



DREYER/USA TODAY

first major international competition at the senior level. Moreover, just one year earlier, she had been laid up in a Bucharest hospital, undergoing reconstructive surgery on her left knee.

That injury threatens to haunt her in Seoul. During the past year, Dobre reinjured her knee, requiring additional surgery. Rumanian officials insist she will compete in Seoul, and Dobre says determinedly, "I know Rumania's team needs me." "Rica," as her teammates call her, can be counted on to spellbind the spectators, but

the slightest handicap may cede the scoring advantage to Daniela Silivas, 17, a spunky titan cut from the Olga hey-look-at-me school, whose third-place finish in the all-around at Rotterdam was just 0.45 of a point shy of her teammate's score.

When not locked in fierce competition, Dobre and Silivas are pals who share a passion for pop music and food treats. Dobre has a weakness for ice cream; Silivas' tastes run to schnitzel and fries. As the strict training regimen expressly forbids the distraction of boyfriends, they live their evenings with goose-feather pillow fights and what Head Coach Adrian Goreac cheerfully calls "talk, talk, talk." They are avid readers of adventure books. Dobre, a mischief-maker who collects dolls, favors fictional heroes who "fight all obstacles to reach their aims." Silivas, a quiet and intelligent girl, prefers a stately knight who "is always winning, courageous and good mannered." When they look ahead to Seoul, the rivalry glimmers through their mutual affection. "As I wanted to be like Nadia when I started, I want other girls to want to be like Aurelia," says Dobre. From Silivas come fighting words: "I will seek revenge in Seoul."

So will Elena Shushunova,

AURELIA



DREYER/USA TODAY

NATALIA



DREYER/USA TODAY

match against the Rumanians. "We won't give anything away," Boginskaya vows. "We won't yield, not in difficulty or in any other aspect."

It is the prospect of so many gymnasts performing at levels of difficulty never before witnessed in Olympic competition that promises to make the showdown in Seoul a hold-your-breath affair. With each Olympics, the sport ascends to a new plateau of audacity that would have been unthinkable four years earlier. And four years from now, even those moves may seem out of the dark ages. So too will the sweethearts of Seoul. When Olga Korbut tried to repeat her Munich triumphs in 1976, she was upstaged by Newcomer Nadia Comaneci. When Nadia tried to re-create her glory in 1980, audiences hardly recognized the once-sylphlike pixie. Mary Lou Retton perhaps proved the wisest; she fired her single shot at glory, then retired her grips and took up the commentator's mike.

But however brief the light of these remarkable fireflies, they do endure. When young gymnasts are asked to articulate their dreams, they speak reverentially of being the next Olga, the next Nadia, the next Mary Lou. It is to that exalted podium of first-name fame that the sprites in Seoul hope to vault.

—By Jill Smolowe

Reported by Brian Cazeneuve/Bucharest and Paul Hoffmeier/Moscow



OLGA KOR BUT (1988)

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

■ **Olga Korbut, 33**, is coaching a Belorussian team in Minsk and wants to open a gymnastics school in the U.S.

■ **Nadia Comaneci, 26**, coaches junior gymnasts in Bucharest, and will be an assistant with the Rumanian Olympic team in Seoul.

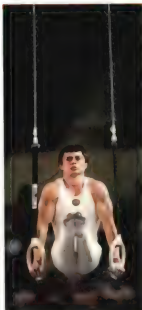
■ **Mary Lou Retton, 20**, is taking this semester off from the University of Texas to do commentary in Seoul for NBC.

Once and Future Champ

Fate works in quirky ways. Five years ago, Soviet Dmitri Bilozherchev, just 16, won the all-around title at the world gymnastics championships in Budapest with an astounding 59.85 points out of 60. The youngest male champion in the history of the sport, he performed routines of exquisite difficulty with a mature, polished technique, though his prime was still years away. "At music schools, they say of such children that they have the absolute sense of pitch," says his coach, Aleksandr Aleksandrov. "With Dmitri, he has the absolute sense of the art of gymnastics."

But Bilozherchev's natural gifts were nearly destroyed one night in October 1985, when he drove his father's car off a road outside Moscow after celebrating his engagement to Svetlana Serkeli with too much champagne. The bones in his left leg shattered into 40 pieces, and amputation was seriously considered.

Doctors saved the leg by



COMEBACK KID: BILOZHERCHEV

implanting a steel bar from Bilozherchev's knee down to his heel. Two months later, Dr. Sergei Mironov, who treats virtually all top athletes and performers in Moscow, inserted

an external fixator to realign the bones. The contraption consisted of metal rings used to support pins that screwed the bone fragments together. When he tried to train, Bilozherchev favored his left leg so badly that he damaged the tissue in his right ankle. In December 1986 he underwent surgery to correct that problem.

Against all expectations, he returned to international competition and won his second world title in Rotterdam last October with what he termed a "poor performance." Today the sensitive superstar still harbors some bitterness toward certain teammates, officials and even his parents. "Many condemned me for my irresponsibility," he says. "It was my wife Svetlana who gave me encouragement to continue."

Many consider Bilozherchev beatable, especially at the hands of his teammates. Yet the burden he carries will be greater than theirs. Says Coach Aleksandrov: "It was Dima's charge to raise the sport to the next level. If he is remembered for only medals, it will be a failure."



COACH KAROLYI AND CHARGES

Oops and Out for the U.S.

American gymnastics has taken a giant flip backward since 1984. The team that won 16 medals in Los Angeles is unlikely to win any in Seoul. What happened? East bloc athletes aside, the difference is injuries, inexperience and infighting. Men's Coach Abie Grossfeld admits that "1984 was special. We won't have a group like that again."

In the past year, Greg Marsden and Don Peters each resigned as women's team coach after feuding with, among others, Bela Karolyi. Mary Lou Retton's coach, The women's team will not have a head coach in Seoul. U.S. prosecutors even reviewed alleged financial improprieties at the U.S. Gymnastics Federation. Said Peters: "I wish it would all go away."

The 1984 Olympians had previously won a total of twelve national all-around titles: the '88 team has two. Time moved too slowly for those among the missing: Tim Daggett (broken leg), Dan Hayden (separated shoulder) and Sabrina Mar (chronic back disorder). Those to watch for: returning Olympian Scott Johnson, 27, who will compete with screws in his broken right hand; Charles Lakes, 24, America's first black Olympic gymnast; and Phoebe Mills, 15, the runaway U.S. Olympic trials winner.

Danger in a Bold New Move

In gymnastics, innovation and injury sometimes go together. That is the case with a new move that most women will be performing in Seoul. At the 1983 world championships in Budapest, Soviet Natalia Yurchenko opened the new era when she successfully debuted the round-off vault, now called the Yurchenko. The easily recognized approach entails a cartwheel onto the springboard in front of the vaulting horse, followed by a launch backward onto the horse.

Rare in the Los Angeles Games (neither Mary Lou Retton nor her Rumanian counterparts did one), the Yurchenko is now commonplace. International Gymnastics Federation President Yuri Titov calls the vault "a great change" but notes that the equipment may have to be redesigned for safety. "The appa-

ratus for vaulting must be a bit wider for the boys and longer for the girls."

Men will be forbidden to perform the move at the Games because they vault onto a horse set vertically out from the launching board, making it a narrower and more dangerous target than the women's horse, which is set horizontally. But the Yurchenko is still

highly risky for the women. While warming up at the Tokyo World Sports Fair in May, American Julissa Gomez bounced badly off the springboard and hit her head against the horse. Instantly paralyzed, she later lapsed into a coma in a Tokyo hospital. She is now in Houston, and it is unknown whether she will ever regain consciousness.



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The Long And Short of It

A sprinter who looks like an 18-wheeler and a kitten-size tiger lead the U.S. team

Seoul pools ease ripples. In 1896, in Greece's Bay of Kea, 1,200-m freestylers battled 12-ft. waves and 55° waters.

BIONDI AND EVANS: SWIMMING WITH DOLPHINS, BEATING MEN'S MARKS



Fullerton, Calif., mid-July. Bud McAllister sits hunched against the early morning chill, his conversation teleporting from East Germany to Seoul, his eyes fixed on Lane 1 of the big outdoor pool at Independence Park. It is 7:15 or so, and Janet Evans, the slight, frail-looking 16-year-old swimmer he coaches, has been churning up and down since 5:30. McAllister glances at his stopwatch. Evans, he says, looking a bit startled, has just swum an exhausting set of 20 400-meter freestyle segments, one after another. "That's a real big, tough set." What jolts him is that her last 400, done after 7,600 meters of swimming at race speed, is fast enough by several seconds to qualify for the U.S. Olympic swim team. A training performance of this kind is eerie. Later she is asked how she felt after this effort. "Really tired," she answers, looking drained. "I think you should be. If you don't feel tired, you weren't working enough."

Evans, who holds world records in the 400-meter, 800-meter and 1,500-meter freestyle, has a lot of natural talent. This means that she has "good feel for the water," her coach says. "The water doesn't slip off her hands." But what makes Evans a once-in-a-generation rarity is her astonishing endurance. It is hard to see where she gets all of this gristle. Swimmers tend to be sizable, but last year, when she began setting world records, she was only a smidge over 5 ft. tall, and would have had to bounce to get a scale to read 95 lbs. Since then she has grown all the way from tiny to small, to about 105 lbs., and stretching to 5 ft. 5½ in.

McAllister believes if Evans' best event, the 1,500-meter free, were scheduled for Seoul (alas, it is not), "she would beat everyone by 25 seconds." He adds that if Evans could be persuaded to enter the very long races that are scheduled occasionally—a 16-miler, say—"she would beat the men." This may be true. The gender game doesn't prove much; other top women swimmers now equal men's records of 20 years ago. But it is interesting to learn that Evans' 4:05.45 world record for the 400-meter free beats Mark Spitz's 4:07.7 world record of 1968, and that her 800-meter free record, 8:17.12, would have won any men's race until 1973.

She begins hauling herself up and down Lane 1 again, this time using hand paddles to build arm strength, with a small inner tube around her ankles, immobilizing her legs and increasing drag. At 8:30 a.m. she will hoist herself out of the pool, wave to her mother Barbara, towel off and ride with Barbara back to their home in Placentia, half an hour away. (Her father Paul, a veterinarian, does the 5 a.m. run to the Fullerton pool.) Later, after an hour in the weight room, she will return to the pool and chug through more distance sets until she has ticked off 15,000 yds.

Trainers in the Soviet Union, East and West Germany and Australia brood about Janet Evans.

DAVID H. HARRIS—GROOMING



McAllister's bad news for them is that she is getting better. "She's intense," he says. "Every week there'll be some set that she'll do faster than she's ever done before." The fact is that she is as close to a lock as bettors could ask in the 400- and 800-meter free events, and probably, despite a relative weakness in the butterfly, will take the 400-meter individual medley (100 meters each of backstroke, breaststroke, fly and freestyle).

Peeled out of her dark swimmer's goggles and the rubber cap that says FAST (for Fullerton Aquatics Swim Team), wearing jeans and a T shirt, she does not look like a pool shark or an athlete of any kind. She is pretty in a way that looks younger than 16-going-on-17, with short, dark hair and dark brown eyes. One more California mall rat, you might think, and that is what she desperately wants to be. McAllister has just told her to take a morning off from her six-day-a-week, twice-a-day workout schedule, as she tapers off before the upcoming Olympic trials. Her face lights up with mischief. "We can go shopping!" she tells her mother, who pulls a face and says, "I thought she would come up with something like that."

Janet laughs. She has a lovely, shy-sly smile, a look that says, "Yes, I'm trying that idea out; I'm trying out a lot of things; I amaze myself." She and her parents seem to be close, and Barbara Evans says when the proposal was made three years ago that Janet, or she and Barbara, board at Mission Viejo, near San Diego, so that Janet could enter the prestigious swimming program there, no one in the family was in favor of the plan. Janet stayed home and enrolled at El Dorado High School, a few blocks away. Her mother says all of Janet's highly focused activity is self-motivated. No one has to tell her to do her homework or even to get up at 4:30. "She knows what she wants, and she's a pretty determined little girl," says Barbara Evans. "It's weird now," her daughter muses.

"Little kids at meets ask for autographs. I still feel like a little kid myself."

Berkeley, late July. Big Matt Biondi flips himself out of the pool at the Spieker Aquatics Complex and towels off. Jaws drop. This man is huge. He has everything except 18 wheels, air horns and a sleeper cab.

Biondi admits to being 6 ft. 6 in., but no one believes him. A realistic guess is that he is close to the 6 ft. 7½ in. of his rival, Michael Gross, the remarkable West German swimmer called "the Albatross," who dominated the 1984 Olympics at Los Angeles, and who is expected to flap his great wings again at Seoul. Matt, who won a gold in the 400-meter freestyle relay at the '88 Games as a raw 18-year-old, is heavier through the chest and shoulders than memory recalls of Gross. He has big hands and size 14 flippers. Such men are a foot closer to the finish line than ordinary racers as soon as they fall into the water. Their long arms drive through water with abnormal leverage.

Biondi, who holds world records in the 100-meter free, the 400-meter free relay and the 400-meter medley relay, and who won seven medals at the World Championships two years ago at Madrid, believes his size "is definitely beneficial," and belief, mixed with protein, wins races. The big Berkeley graduate the majored in political economics of industrial societies is no flake, but he is convinced that swimming with dolphins in the Bahamas last year has helped his technique. Sports Scientist Albert Stevens used an underwater swim cage and a video camera to photograph Biondi hitching a ride with a 450-lb. male to show how the two-species moved. "The dolphins," says the two-legged swimmer, "have helped me be aware of how water moves over my body. I have a tendency to fight the water, so I lose a little at the optimum level. Now when I push off the wall, I have a mental picture of how it's done best."



SPRINTER JAGER

The 50-m freestyle, a one-length adrenaline burner last seen in 1904, will resurface in Seoul. Favored in the men's competition: American Tom Jager, who takes only a couple of breaths during the race.





TOWELED-OFF: A MALL RAT AND A DAYDREAMER INTO WATER POLO

Angel Myers' disqualification this year for her alleged steroid use came before the Games. In 1972 American Freestyler Rick DeMont won the 400 m, then lost his medal because he'd taken a banned antihistamine. Although it is now legal, DeMont has never had his gold restored.



DEMONT'S MEDAL

Swimming is a sport that U.S. fans rediscover every four years, and in between Olympic meets. Biondi can wander comfortably around Berkeley in relative anonymity. Probably another basketballer, a passerby thinks (he used to play pickup hoops), or maybe an escapee from the water polo team (right again: he is a four-time All-American). He likes water polo because it's fun, and "all you have to do is show up and play. Swimmers are into their heads more. There is more aloneness. In swimming, you have to think about your race a lot more, and how it will work out." His prerace preparation, he says, "is like daydreaming, which I've done since I was a kid, only you think about all the ways possible that a race could go. Sometimes I see myself winning, sometimes losing, sometimes false-starting. If you see all the different ways it might end, then you can adapt. We're all fearful of losing the things we really want," he continues, with a serenity that seems deeper than the win-some-lose-some shrug traditional for athletes. His expectations are his own. His parents (Nick Biondi is an insurance executive, and his wife Lucille is a secretary) didn't push him toward athletics, and he didn't reach his full growth, or world-class swimming, until his late teens. But competitors who expect any lack of resolve in this outside philosopher should listen hard to his self-assessment: "I'm mature enough to give 100% of myself now."

Austin, late August. The 43 members of the U.S. swim team are winding up practice at the University of Texas and heading for Hawaii. Onward by easy stages toward Seoul and the first Olympic meet since the Montreal games of 1976, as McAllister points out, "when all the countries were there, all the swimmers were ready and tapered, and nobody had any excuses." McAllister sounds like a poker player holding aces.

The six-day team trials just completed here started tentatively. No world records were set till the third day, though there were several American records, including one by Evans as she churned home alone by four seconds in the 400-meter individual medley. The problem, said those who admitted to being knowledgeable, was that the team needed a leader. Most of the gold medalists from 1984 were looking shaky. And in the end, Rick Carey, Rowdy Gaines and Pablo Morales didn't

make the team, though Veterans Mary Wayte, Susan Rapp and Mary T. Meagher did. Morales' case was especially troubling. The world-record holder in the 100-meter fly, he is 23, and had trained hard. "But swimming is fickle," he said later. "You don't always get back what you put in." When he failed narrowly to qualify, he took his world mark with him, neither he nor anyone else at Austin could touch it. Were things looking glum for Seoul?

Not a chance. Big Matt, to no one's surprise, took over the meet, shattering his own world record in the 100-meter free by an impressive three-tenths of a second, to 48.42. Earlier, after setting a new American record for the 200-meter free in the first day's prelims, Biondi had faded in the final and was beaten by a tick by Troy Dalbey, a largish blond fellow who looks like Actor William Hurt. No matter: Biondi was the meet's dominant swimmer. He finished the week with two wins and two seconds, thus qualifying for four individual events and at least two relays. Evans, as she was supposed to do, wore out the water with two more wins, in the 400- and 800-meter frees. Evans' watchers were fascinated by her stroking, which is a kind of furious bashing—if she weren't going so fast, you might consider throwing her a life preserver—and by the way she surges ahead at odd moments during her races by taking several consecutive strokes without breathing, then hits the finish line after six or eight strokes in no-breath hyperdrive. "I don't really have a breathing pattern," this pool hustler apologizes, sandbagging with the smallest of grins.

But the odd-duck-technique sensation of the trials was 100-meter Back Specialist David Berkoff, a slim-to-skinny anthropology major from, of all places, Harvard. Backstrokers coil their bodies against the side of the pool before the start, then shove violently backward with their legs, hands together, streamlined, above their heads. They go underwater this way, then pop to the surface in five meters or so and begin stroking. Except Berkoff. He stays 5 ft. underwater, on his back, wriggling along with a legs-together dolphin kick, like that used by butterflyers. This is astonishing not to see. Most of the lanes are filled with thrashing swimmers, and Berkoff's is placid. At 35 meters (or 32 kicks, as he counts underwater), Berkoff pops up, half a body length ahead of everyone else. Not, he says, desperate for air, but "quite comfortable." Apparently so. He beat Soviet Igor Poliansky's 100-meter world record by five one-hundredths in the prelims, and then cut off another four ticks in the finals, for a world mark of 54.91. Another submariner, Jay Mortenson, qualified second, and everyone agreed that the strategy, which Berkoff adapted four years ago from experiments by U.S. swimmer Jesse Vassallo, was the no-wave of the future.

A couple of weeks after the trials, news turned sour. The team's freshest and most promising woman sprinter, a square-jawed stormer named Angel Myers, from Americus, Ga., who had qualified in three events, was banished for a drug violation. She claimed that tests misread a birth-control drug as a steroid. But she was out, replaced by Butterflyer Janel Jorgensen and Freestyler Jill Sterkel (who thus made her fourth Olympic team).

The Myers fiasco was a personal disaster, and there was no question that a likely gold medalist had been lost to the team. Still, at Seoul, the U.S. would have the smallest world beater in Evans: one of the largest and most awesome in Biondi; and, unless one of the East Germans has managed to grow gills, by far the spookiest in Berkoff, the vanishing backstroker. Bring on that Korean water! —By John Skow.

Reported by D. Blake Hallinan/Berkeley

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AERIAL ART: CHINA'S GAO MIN

Great Leap Downward

In 1980, while rebuilding a competitive-diving program after the Cultural Revolution, the Chinese were inspired when they competed against Greg Louganis and his American teammates in the People's Republic. They vowed to master the great leap downward. Just eight years later, a squad of dazzling and determined divers from China, noted for their splash-free entries, are plunging after Louganis' records.

The Chinese already dominate women's diving. At a mere 5 ft. 3 in., 1986 World Champion Gao Min, 17, seems certain to take the gold medal on the springboard with her clockwork precision. Teammate Li Qing, 16, will vie for the silver with American Kelly McCormick. Meanwhile, Xu Yanmei and Chen Xiaodan could finish first and second in the platform contest. In the men's events, '84 Silver Medalist Tan Liangde will test Louganis' nerve and verve on the springboard, while Li Kongzheng will chase Louganis on the platform.

Whatever the outcome, some of the Games' most glorious moments will occur high above the water. During their training, which often begins at age ten, Chinese divers spend as much time practicing acrobatics in the gymnasium as they do dives into the pool. The result will be an aerial aria in Seoul.

He's Boffo In Budapest

One might think the world's greatest all-around swimmer must hail from one of the shrines of the chlorinated In crowd—Leipzig, Mission Viejo or Moscow. Not so. Tamas Darnyi, 21, lives in Buda, the historic section of Budapest. The Hungarian's specialty is the demanding individual medley, in which he holds the world record for both 400-meter and 200-meter events. Darnyi has won every major meet he has entered since 1985. The medley requires phenomenal skill in backstroke, breaststroke, butterfly and freestyle. The shy bachelor, who was named Hungary's Athlete of the Year in '87, will try for three gold medals in Seoul. In addition to the two medleys, he will enter the 200-meter backstroke, which is his strongest discipline.

Unlike many other athletes, Darnyi prefers to race not against the clock but against the competition on a given day. In Seoul he will be

acing himself against California's David Wharton, 19, whose mark of 4:16.12 in the 400-meter medley is just a fraction of a second behind Darnyi's record of 4:15.42. Oddly, each man suffers from a sensory disability. Wharton is partially deaf and wears a hearing aid when on dry land. Darnyi has had only partial sight in his left eye since 1983. "We were fooling around in the snow when a snowball hit me in the eye," explains the swimmer. "It caused a detached retina."

Despite four eye operations, and against the advice of his doctors, Darnyi returned to competition in 1984. Between his typical eleven-mile-a-day training sessions, Darnyi, a science-fiction fan, builds model spaceships and muses on his future. The big question: Should he accept one of the many offers from U.S. universities or prepare to enter Hungary's hotel-and-catering college? His decision will have to wait until he dries off after the Games.



THE WORLD'S MEDLEY MASTER: HUNGARY'S TAMAS DARNYI

Pool Hustlers From the G.D.R.

There is little chance of building an Olympic dynasty these days—newcomers shave world records with every shot of the starting gun. One notable exception: East Germany's women's swimming teams. Since they captured 17 gold and silver Olympic medals in 1976,

they have ruled the sport thanks to a combination of Prussian precision and phenomenal dedication. But in Seoul their dynasty will be on the line.

The women from the G.D.R. have not lost their stuff—they should go home with a sizable medal count—but the rest of the world just seems to be swimming faster these days. Challenges will

come from China, Italy and Rumania as well as from old nemeses like Canada, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

Women swimmers usually peak at age 15 to 17, and the East Germans are nearly geriatric by that standard. One of the squad's golden oldies, Kristin Otto, 22, is still a formidable all-around sprinter. But in order to take the gold in the 100-meter freestyle event, she may have to better her world-record 54.73-second time, which has stood, amazingly, since 1986. Says Otto: "I know I haven't reached my limits."

Middle-Distance Freestyler Heike Friedrich, 18, who learned to swim at age three and has competed since she was ten, will probably be matched in the 400 meter by Janet Evans, 17. And venerable Breaststroker Silke Hörner, 23, may lose her Olympic dominance to Canada's powerful Allison Higson, 15. Predicts Friedrich: "Records will wobble in Seoul." The question is: Will the G.D.R. wobble too?



GOLDEN OLDIE: CAN OTTO STILL RILE THE WATER?

12 Who Will Dominate

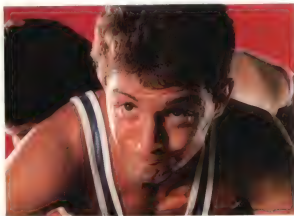


For every event, there is a favorite. But it is one thing to have the odds point your way and another thing entirely to bestride a sport. Here is a selection of athletes who collect world records the way lesser competitors notch victories. They may have rivals to watch out for, but they have no one to look up to. They are the rulers of the field.



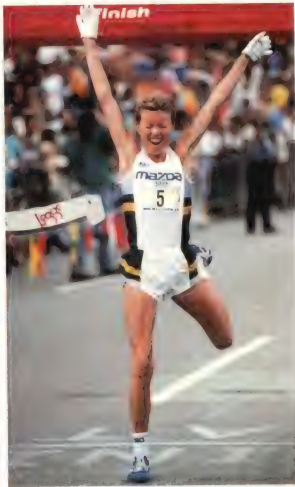
JOHN SMITH
Wrestling

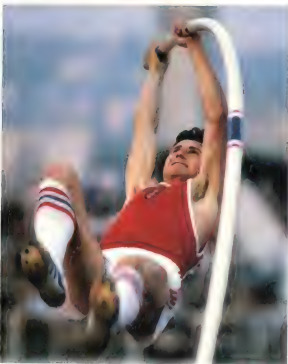
His signature is a single-leg take-down, a swift move for his opponent's ankle that rarely fails to upend its victim. How rarely? John Smith has won, by his count, 133 straight matches. In fact last year, during a span of five weeks, he took firsts at the Olympic Festival, the Pan American Games and the World Championships in the 136.5-lb. class. He already holds a 4-0 record against his top rivals, the Soviets. And success has bred more than a little confidence in the 23-year-old Oklahoman. Says the two-time N.C.A.A. champion: "I won't be satisfied unless I get the gold, and I don't think there's any way I won't be able to."



INGRID KRISTIANSEN
Long-Distance Running

Four things separate Norwegian Ingrid Kristiansen from her rivals: three world records and a five-year-old son named Gaute. There is a connection too between the times and the tyke. An also-ran until she gave birth, Kristiansen, 32, has since emerged as the premier female distance runner. The reason? A newfound balance: "Once I had Gaute, I was not doing sport 24 hours a day. I wasn't just thinking about my body." The records in the 5,000-meter, the 10,000-meter and the marathon comprise a triple crown unique among both sexes. In Seoul, Kristiansen will likely find a glittering souvenir to give Gaute for all his help.





**SERGEI
BUBKA**
Pole Vault

To most athletes, a world record is an object of veneration, an inscription in history's marble. For Soviet Pole Vaulter Sergei Bubka, 24, it is a plaything. Bubka sets a mark, considers it for a bit, tosses it away with impunity. A moment later, gripping the fiber-glass pole closer to the end than any other pole vaulter dares, Bubka hurtles down the runway and catapults himself to another new mark. The result: nine world records in just over four years—two since June. In the period that the record has been Bubka's personal toy, he has ratcheted the bar up a full 8¼ in. more than it rose in the previous twelve years. It now rests at 19 ft. 10½ in. No one but Bubka is expected to clear 20 ft. anytime soon. But he might very well do it in Seoul, when he will be delighting in the limelight he was denied four years ago. For Bubka, as for no one else, it seems the sky is truly the limit.

**GREG
BARTON**
Kayaking

"There's no money in my sport, so you have to love it," says Greg Barton. A bronze medalist in Los Angeles and possessor of enough world titles to be the strong favorite in the 1,000-meter kayak sprint, Barton, 28, paddles out of a passion he caught from his parents, who were recreational canoeists. Growing up on a pig farm in Homer, Mich. (pop. 2,000), Barton found the appeal simple: "Being on the water, being in the fresh air, just the feeling of the boat accelerating under your own power—it became a challenge to see how much I could improve." And improve he did, despite a disability—two clubfeet—that would have kept him from getting far in almost any other sport. Even with that accomplishment, Barton does not expect much attention. The man who should win America's first gold ever in the kayak says plainly, "I just do my best. People outside the sport don't usually notice anyway."



**CHRISTA
ROTHENBURGER LUDING**
Cycling

She is a woman for all seasons—at least all those that have their own Olympics. Christa Rothenburger Luding has a pile of speed-skating medals from the Winter Games, including golds in the 500 meter in 1984 and the 1,000 meter this year



In Calgary. Now the East German wants summer gold. If Luding, 28, can top the field in the 1,000-meter cycling sprint, she

will become the first woman in history to win in both sets of Games. The longtime G.D.R. cycling champion captured the 1986 World Championship in Colorado Springs and was just edged out last year in the same event in Vienna by the Soviet Union's Erika Salumäe. In Seoul, Salumäe will again be the No. 1 obstacle between Luding and hot-and-cold-running gold.



**KARCH
KIRALY**
Volleyball

It could be another East-West confrontation in Olympic volleyball, and many wonder if the U.S. can repeat its golden performance of 1984. But almost as intriguing as Team America's fate is this: Is Karch Kiraly too good to be true? Kiraly, 27, has led his national squad teammates to every major title, including the Olympic and World Cup. He has even been named the world's greatest player by the sport's international governing body. Professional leagues in Europe and South America courted the 6-ft. 3-in. Kiraly, offering six-figure salaries and a cushy six-month season. But the outside hitter with the 40-in. jump declined, preferring the withering training regimen and eleven-month-a-year ordeal of the national team for another Olympic go-around. Reason: Kiraly is determined to shake the sand off volleyball's beach-game reputation. Says the high-flying spiker: "It's the best thing for me, the best thing for the team, the best thing for U.S.A. volleyball. It gave volleyball a lot of momentum after the men won the gold and the women won the silver in '84, and we'd like to give it another big shot in the arm."



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YURI SEDYKH
Hammer Throw

It looks less like a modern Olympic event than something that might have appeared on the undercard when David fought Goliath. But there is nothing primitive about Yuri Sedykh's mastery of the corkscrew twist and heave of the hammer throw. The Soviet army coach and author of a postgraduate dissertation titled "The Effectiveness of Power Building Means in Hammer Throwing Training" hurled the 16-lb. ball and handle to victory in the 1976 and 1980 Games. The lone repeat winner in the event's history might be shooting for a fourth laurel were it not for the boycott of 1984. Sedykh, 33, has also tucked six world records under his belt, including the current one of 284 ft. 7 in. His trademark: throwing his best on the first try—a reliable method, he says, for demoralizing the opposition. With a thump.



SAID AOUITA
Mid-Distance Running

When Moroccan Said Aouita, 27, broke the tape in the 5,000-meter run in Los Angeles, he doubled the number of gold medals ever won by his country. Morocco's two could be doubled again in Seoul with Aouita victories in the 800-meter and 1,500-meter events. He already has the world record in the 1,500 under his belt, and with only one loss in three years. Aouita is favored for both laurels. He also holds the record in the 5,000 and is a threat in the 10,000, though he will not compete in either in Seoul. Known for a powerful self-confidence and an equally powerful Muslim piety, the man who goes like the winds that blow out of his native Atlas mountains is perhaps more versatile than any other male runner since the great Czech Emil Zátopek, hero of the 1952 Games.



NAIM SULEYMANOGLU
Weight Lifting

What's in a name? For Naim Suleymanoglu, everything. The 4-ft. 11-in., 132-lb. "Pocket Hercules" was the brightest jewel in Bulgaria's weight-lifting program. But when the government increased its efforts in 1985 to force the Turkish minority in the country to assimilate—speaking Turkish

was banned and mosques were closed—Suleymanoglu was outraged. Most offensive: the regime changed his name to the more Bulgarian Naum Shalamanov. At the 1986 World Cup in Melbourne, he nailed down a world record in the snatch and then sneaked away. Now a Turkish citizen, Suleymanoglu at 21 is still the only man ever to lift 2½ times his weight in the snatch.





GREG LOUGANIS
Diving



EDWIN MOSES
400-Meter Hurdles



CARL LEWIS
Sprints and Long Jump

They are the troika of champions, the not yet gray eminences of the American Olympic team: Edwin Moses, Carl Lewis and Greg Louganis carry among them a hefty store of bullion—eight gold medals, to be exact—and expectations are high that they will turn in as many as seven more. Each has a particular nemesis: For Carl Lewis, 27,

gunning to repeat his four golds of Los Angeles, the name is Ben Johnson—the world-record holder in the 100 meters and the only sprinter to trouble Lewis consistently. For Greg Louganis, 28, it is a swarm of young and hungry Chinese divers, eager to dethrone history's most successful diver. And for Edwin Moses, 33, it is most of

all the weight of expectation that bears down on the hurdler who has won all but two races in the past eleven years, devastating all competition. With all this arrayed against them, they remain the favorites—America's ageless hopes for the gold. — *By Daniel Benjamin*

*Reported by Brian Cazeneuve/
New York*





Colliding Myths

After a Dozen Years Apart

Stereotypes aside—why the Soviets should do better than the U.S.



Two weeks after Claudia Losch of West Germany won a 1984 Olympic gold medal with a shot put of 67 ft 2 3/4 in., Natalia Lisovskaya took that event at the Soviet bloc's boycott-inspired Friendship Games with a throw almost 5 ft. longer. Barred by politics in 1984 from a chance at world sport's most enduring honor, Lisovskaya began training at Moscow's Brothers Znamensky Sports School for Seoul in 1988.

In 1980, when Greg Louganis was favored to become the first man in more than 50 years to win two gold medals in diving at the same Olympics, he instead sat home with the U.S. boycott team and watched the victories go to a Soviet and an East German whom Louganis had outscored at Montreal four years before. Louganis achieved his double at Los Angeles in 1984 and hinted at retirement. But next week he too will be competing in Seoul, perhaps in part because he is one of just a handful of U.S. and Soviet athletes with a personal memory of a real Olympics—one that transcends diplomatic chills and thaws and brings together the world's best in the 23 official sports of the Summer Games.

Four years is a long time in an athlete's career, and eight years at a world-class level of competition is almost an eternity. Yet it is a dozen years since

U.S. and Soviet teams met at a Summer Olympics. Historians will long debate President Carter's 1980 decision following the invasion of Afghanistan to snub the only Olympics ever held in the Soviet Union. They will debate as well whether the Soviets avoided Los Angeles four years later out of fear about security, as claimed, or as retaliatory tit for tat. To most athletes, the underlying stratagems do not matter: to them, the very definition of an Olympian is that every Olympian talent must be there.

For nationalistic fans, boycotts brought joy. Without the U.S. and 61 other countries on hand, the Soviet gold-medal tally jumped from 49 in Montreal to 80 in Moscow, while the U.S., unhindered by the Soviets and the equally formidable East Germans, vaulted from 34 gold in Montreal to 83 gold in Los Angeles. With the sporting world reunited, Seoul may be a rude awakening for flag wavers on both sides. But the shock will likely be worse for U.S. viewers: the memory of Los Angeles is more recent, and more unrealistic. At the 1984 Friendship Games, East bloc athletes outperformed Olympic winners in 20 of 41 track-and-field events and eleven of 29 swimming events.

On both sides, the twelve-year Olympic hiatus has heightened the mystique of the competition. For American athletes—and even more for American fans—distance and legend have transformed

It wasn't a boycott, but in 1908 the U.S. shooting team won when the Russian marksmen did not show. They arrived late for the London Games because they were operating on the old Julian calendar.



WINNING BASKET

The most controversial U.S.-U.S.S.R. confrontation came in 1972, when the American basketball team appeared to have beaten the Soviets 50-49. But officials ordered the final three seconds replayed, allowing the Soviets to score the winning shot. U.S. players refused their silver medals.

the Soviets into supposed supermen and superwomen, selected when barely out of the cradle and taught like emotionless automatons to excel. This exaggerated notion has some basis in fact. The Soviets have a nationwide network of specialized sports schools for even the youngest potential stars, leading to intensive adult training guided by methodical, scholarly study. High-tech training wizardry is rumored to be compounded by steroids and other chemical help: indeed, one popular explanation in the U.S. for the 1984 boycott was Soviet fear that its star performers would fail drug tests. And as for the awesome women athletes, well, are they really women at all? Skeptics recall that Tamara and Irina Press, the hulking Soviet sisters who won five Olympic gold medals in the 1960s, dropped from international competition after sex tests were introduced. In this mistrustful vision, athletes respond to the carrots of cushy jobs, fancy apartments and Western consumer goods, coupled with a fearsome stick if performance falters: the threat of losing all privileges, perhaps even of being banished to Siberia.

Soviet mythology about U.S. athletes begins with genetic theories worthy of Jimmy the Greek. Says Point Guard Olga Burakin of the Soviet women's basketball team: "American teams are so competitive because they have blacks, who are inherently more capable, whereas whites are not nearly so skillful." Then it centers on wealth: the presumed abundance of facilities at thousands of high schools and colleges.

The Soviets acknowledge their strides in technology but claim with some justice that the U.S. has even more advanced installations, although it is perhaps less effective in using them. While Soviet athletes frequently agree that they cannot be called amateurs, they contrast their salaries of a few hundred dollars a month and their state bonuses of up to \$20,000 for winning even gold medals to the millions reaped by a Carl Lewis or a Mary Lou Retton. "I have no contract and cannot advertise my services for hire," notes Soviet Backstroke Sergei Zabolotnov, who earns \$583 a month as a swimming-coach-in-training. The Soviets, too, mutter darkly about drugs, and with reason: some U.S. athletic officials suspect that abuse of steroids and their kin is indeed more widespread in the U.S. Says Dr. Robert Voy, chief medical officer of the U.S. Olympic Committee: "If I had to guess, I'd say we do a little worse."

In both nations, it is just as easy to find examples to

debunk the stereotypes as to justify them. As for the fundamental question posed by U.S. fans—Why do the Soviets generally perform better?—there are some logical answers. For one thing, the Olympics are the centerpiece of Soviet athletic life and are regarded as a vital means of demonstrating Communism's moral superiority. After the triumph over the U.S. in Montreal, for example, some 347 athletes, coaches and officials were honored with such prestigious decorations as the Order of Lenin. By contrast, sporting life in the U.S. centers on professional teams, and the rewards are commensurate: Edwin Moses, the greatest hurdler who ever lived, earns through fees and endorsements about \$500,000 a year, roughly the wage of a journeyman major-league baseball player. Football drains away sprinters to become pass catchers and weight throwers to play as linemen or on defense; six days after he won the 1984 Olympic silver medal in the shot put, Michael Carter was a nose tackle appearing in his first exhibition game for the San Francisco 49ers. For swimmers, divers, gymnasts and many others, there is effectively no professional life to follow except in coaching or, for an elite, in endorsements and sportscausing.

Two subtler factors also figure in. First, as a more centralized society, the Soviet Union seems to be better set up to disseminate the latest sports research and take advantage of the results nationwide. Second, Soviet schools place great emphasis on physical fitness, whereas U.S. physicians generally oppose intensive fitness programs for the very young.

Ultimately, however, the Soviets win more Olympic medals because they want them more—or rather, their nation does. American athletes do not lack heart or soul. Too often, they lack training time and money. The Soviet system is more extensive, more orderly and more pragmatic: if an event, however obscure, is in the Olympics, the Soviets want to compete at the highest level.

Shot-Putter Lisovskaya, a prime example of the Soviet approach, began her programmed life at a "sports-oriented" school in her native Tashkent at age seven. She was spotted as a potential champion at 14. Coach Faina Melnik saw her during a scouting trip and persuaded her to move to Moscow as soon as she finished high school. A discus thrower at the time, she tried the shot at Melnik's suggestion and soon switched, a daring decision for an athlete already in her late teens. Within four years, helped by careful coaching and a training regimen of up to six hours a day for six days a week, she became the world's best. Officials made sure she and other superstars would get to Seoul. Although Soviet track trials allow hopefuls to prove themselves during five meets (vs. just one for aspirants in the U.S.), places were guaranteed in advance to some 20 top performers, including Lisovskaya. Nominally a fourth-year student in the school program that she entered eight years ago, Lisovskaya, 26, receives \$670 a month and has her own apartment in crowded Moscow, something most young married couples cannot expect. She says she attends class "when I'm free," meaning not often, and has few worries about completing courses or finding a job.

At the other end of the comfort scale from Lisovskaya is Mario Martinez. He already has an Olympic medal—the silver for super heavyweight lifting in 1984; he captured three gold medals at the 1987 Pan Am Games and placed tenth in the 1987 world championships. But Martinez gets no state subsidy, no help from a national council for his



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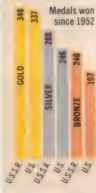
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Since the Soviet Union entered the Games in 1952, its team has bested the U.S. in total medals, 868-780. Soviets reign in weight lifting, wrestling and gymnastics, the U.S. in sprints, basketball and men's swimming.



sport to pay for his San Francisco apartment. With a wife and one-year-old daughter to support—not to mention a special diet to maintain his 318 lbs. of muscle—Martinez, 31, cannot exercise six or seven hours a day like his Soviet rivals. He has a 40-hr.-a-week job. "I work at Budget Rent a Car," he explains, "parking autos, getting them for customers, taking them to the car wash, hanging the keys up. Then I train three or four days a week from 6 to 9 p.m. I am always sore." Martinez's coach Jim Schmitz also coaches the U.S. team. To thrive, he says, it needs Soviet-style recruitment and subsidies. "We lose most weight lifters to football scholarships."

Joe Story's name sounds like a joke, and it has given rise to a few: at 5 ft. 7 in., he is known as a short story, and at 36, he is an old story. Within the arcane world of team handball, where he was the U.S. hero at the 1987 Pan Am Games, he is a big story. A member of the squad since 1977, he played at the 1984 Olympics, when the team finished ninth, and is captain of the contingent going to Seoul. His sacrifices to keep playing would be almost incomprehensible to the average baby boomer. He lives, along with up to 600 other athletes, in U.S. Olympic Committee dorms in Colorado Springs, where he cannot cook or bring liquor into the room, and his bathroom and phone are down the hall. He must meet an 11 p.m. curfew and take a mandatory 90-min. nap at noon. Although the sport is big enough in Europe that club players can earn in excess of \$50,000 a year, Story survives on \$4,000 from donations and a part-time job with the U.S.O.C. ticket office, plus free room and board.

Story is far from alone. Robert Nieman, 40, is a former world champion in pentathlon, the sport that combines running, swimming, shooting, fencing and horseback riding. Jobless while training, he relies on "the fact that my wife has a very good job." Adds Nieman: "McDonald's gave us some free hamburgers. That's big time in pentathlon."

Yet if the Soviet care and feeding of athletes at times looks enviable, it is far from perfect. For one thing, it can be ruthless. After Kayaker Nikolai Oseledetz shared victory in the four-man team, 10,000-meter event at the 1986 world championships, he asked for a Moscow apartment and was told he would get one. After he was cut from the national team the next year, he was brusquely informed no more flats were available and continued to reside, apart from his wife of five years and son, in a drab room he shares with another kayaker.

That separation is not uncommon, even for two-athlete couples: training is so intense that connubiality is discouraged. Officially an army officer assigned to submarine duty, Oseledetz carries an I.D. card that says his task is "to defend the honor of the Central Army Sports Club." The army sponsors one of the two biggest sports clubs; the other, Dinamo, is sponsored by the secret police.

The facilities for athletes, while excellent by Soviet standards, sometimes reflect their age and heavy communal use. At Brothers Znamensky, a complex that is nearly 20 years old, the pole-vault cushion has a large rip, many hurdles are broken,

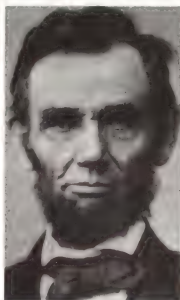
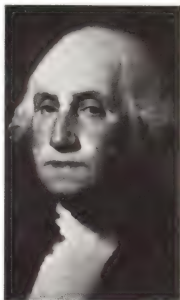
the indoor track is bumpy, and patches of grass sprout through the outdoor track. Nor is coaching always lavish. Although the Soviets have been a world power in women's basketball for decades, Center Olessya Barel was wowed during an American tour last year. Says she: "Facilities across the U.S. are of a much higher standard than ours, and they have different coaches for offense, defense and sometimes just for conditioning."

Both the U.S. and the Soviets use electronics to study form and technique, to test aerobic capacity and to develop speed and coordination via devices much like computer games. Sometimes the results are practical: demonstrating to a runner that he is placing more stress than needed on his ankles. Other times there is apparent tech-cess: the \$1 million flume built by the U.S.O.C. to study swimming has been used by only a handful of athletes since it became operational in May. Numerically, the Soviets have a seemingly huge lead in sports-science researchers, although the different systems make numbers hard to compare. For all of that, however, new theories are not necessarily any more readily accepted by leading Soviet coaches, most of them ex-athletes with fond memories of the good old days, than by their U.S. counterparts. Dr. Michael Yessis, editor of the U.S.-based *Sport Science Review*, reports, "The most significant innovation developed by Soviet sports researchers in recent years is 'speed and strength' training. Under this system, swimmers utilize heavy weights for only six to twelve weeks, then switch to lighter loads and faster movements. The result: more explosiveness in the arms and legs." But when Igor Kravtsev applied similar theories to track, he was regarded as so unorthodox that Soviet officials discouraged Long Jumper Galina Chistyakova and her husband, Triple Jumper Alexander Beskrovni, from training with him. Technological advances may not always have much effect anyway. Many athletes believe something equivalent to the credo of Soviet Cyclist Guintautas Umaras: "It is the amount of time you spend on the bike that makes the difference."

For athletes and fans from both nations, just as for any warriors facing legendary foes, the end of myth will come with the start of true competition. In 1988 in Seoul, as in 1976 in Montreal, some Soviets will do better than expected, and some Americans will surprise even themselves. Some obscure athletes will overcome a lack of support, and some highly trained ones will be off form on the fateful day. But for Lisovskaya and Louganis and all their counterparts, this time there will be no "if onlys," no implied asterisks next to their achievements. What is special for U.S. and Soviet athletes about these Games is that they are no longer special: once again they are, as they should be, for everyone.

—By William A. Henry III
Reported by Brian Cazeneuve/Colorado Springs and Sally B. Donnelly/Moscow

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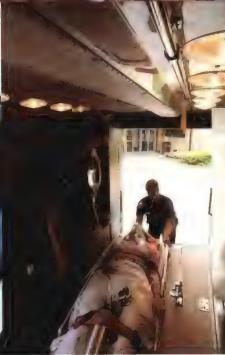
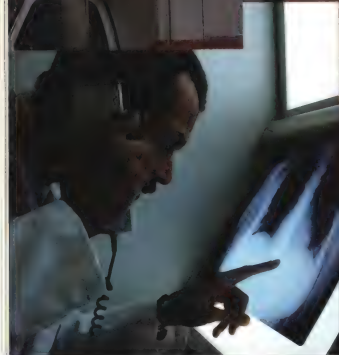
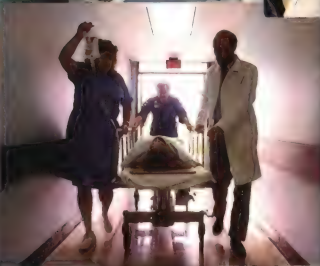
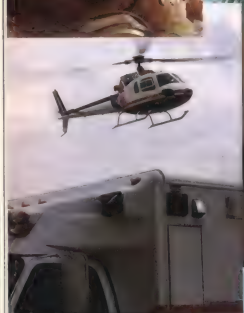
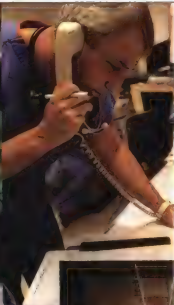
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Watch Out For the G.D.R.

Comrade Honecker's well-laid plans



East Germany first competed in the Olympics under its own flag at the 1972 Summer Games in Munich. The hammer-and-compass banner was hoisted in victory 66 times, countering the G.D.R.'s image as a walled-outcast with the impression of an athletic marvel. Four years later, in the last Summer Games not boycotted by a major competitor, East Germany, with 17 million people, earned 40 gold medals; the U.S., with over 200 million, won 34. National medal counts and per capita ratios are, of course, hardly the stuff of Olympic ideals, nor should athletics be pursued for political value. But East Germany is not the only nation to concentrate on such goals. It just seems to be the most successful at it.

In Seoul, a disciplined East German contingent is ready to demonstrate its prowess again, with strong competitors in everything from swimming to marksmanship. Many analysts expect the country's 307 athletes to take home more metal than the 645 Americans, and maybe even more than the 520 competitors from the Soviet Union.

The astounding success of the G.D.R. team has raised inevitable questions of secret drugs or revolutionary training methods. "That's all nonsense," says Karlheinz Gieseler, secretary-general of the West German Sports Federation and a longtime observer of East German sports. "What makes the G.D.R. so great is the successive pruning out and systematic training of their talent."

The process begins with the statistical assessment of the nation's second- and third-graders, who are measured, weighed, timed and questioned. The resulting data is churned through a computer at the German College of Physical Culture in Leipzig, which determines whether a child might have a special aptitude for a certain sport. Says Renate Vogel, a former world champion G.D.R. swimmer and now deputy coach of the West German women's Olympic team: "No one with talent falls through the sieve."

The talent, in turn, is coddled and honed. Promising grade schoolers are channeled into the country's 2,000 training centers. The best of them—around 9,000 at any given time—go on to some 25 residential sports schools, where 2,000 full-time trainers, plus doctors, masseurs and cooks, begin building Olympic winners.

"For a top athlete, the G.D.R. is still paradise," East German Swimmer and Defector Jens-Peter Berndt, now a member of the West German Olym-

pic team, told the Bonn daily *Die Welt*. "Nowhere else do athletes work so intensely and with such concentration. All your problems are taken off your hands." Exhibition meets, medical bills, sponsorship, job worries, troublesome journalists—all such distractions are largely unknown to them. But there are other pressures. Academic performance and political education are closely monitored. A "socialist family tree"—no close relatives in the West—is required for international competition.

An all-powerful state sports apparatus invests this carefully nurtured human capital where it brings the highest dividends in Olympic medals. Little effort is wasted in sports that require large teams or expensive equipment, like water polo, field hockey, fencing or riding.

But the state does not hesitate to spend for the long term. Lutz Hesch, 29, 1987 world champion and Olympic favorite for the 200-meter cycling-match sprint, has worked with Trainer Gerd Müller for 18 years. "The man knows how to motivate me; he knows how to channel my ambition," says Hesch. Functionaries also steer potential stars to where they will be most effective. Gabriele Reinsch, 24, started as a high jumper in the fourth grade and moved to shot put after an injury. When she proved too light, she was shifted to discus, and now holds the world's record.

Whether such guidance is benevolent or not, it is useful in collecting a bag of gold that enhances national pride and compensates for the state's political failings. Most athletes are grateful and patriotic. Ulf Timmermann, 25, a member of the ruling Socialist Unity Party and world-record holder in shot put, speaks of "my obligation to achieve high performances in sport as a contribution to strengthening our Republic." More tangible benefits include world travel and a genuine popularity at home.

Still, some are beginning to question the system. Parents are less likely to approve of the state's stifling embrace of their promising children, and East Germany's recreational athletes resent the millions dedicated to the elite. East German stars would like the state to take a smaller share of the millions they earn in Western appearance fees. Consider the revolutionary statement of World Class Sprinter Silke Möller last month: "Material concerns should never stand in the foreground in sports," said Möller. "But they can play a role, even for G.D.R. athletes."

Stress fractures in East Germany's smooth sports machine? Perhaps. But at Seoul and beyond, the state's fine tuning will likely keep it rolling on the road to triumph.

By James L. Gaff/Bonn

Despite the post-1949 division of the two Germans, athletes from East and West competed on a unified German team in 1956, 1960 and 1964, during which time the West predominated.





Anarchy By the Numbers

Seoul is a model of planning, both madcap and meticulous

HURLY-BURLY:
THE SOUTH GATE;
TRADITIONAL
DANCER

Vital Stats

A kitchen staff of
1,980 will prepare
750,000 meals.
Supplies include:

- Beef: 70 tons
- Pork: 15 tons
- Chicken: 80 tons
- Fish: 44 tons
- Vegetables: 330 tons
- Milk: 14,200 gal.
- Kimchi: 2 1/4 tons
- Drinking water: 80 tons



It is the least impersonal of cities. Understatement has no place here. Rather, this is a brawny, rough-and-tumble, rollicking place, animated by the earthy good humor of its Chaucerian folk. Hurly-burly impromptu is the way of Seoul. Round-faced women set up huge speakers on busy street corners, then sit beside them, crooning along to organ music as they entertain themselves. Hypervendors stack up rows of imitation Reeboks on the hoods of cars, using the backseats as store-rooms for their goods. A man wanders out onto the sidewalk in his pajamas.

Surprising, perhaps, for the fast-growing modern center of a booming economy. But then Seoul might be best described as high-tech with a human face. Computerized machines give out bus information in the shopping center of Myongdong—only to be obscured by a million people passing through the narrow streets in a carnival crush each day. Commuters march through the shiny, streamlined passageways of the city hall subway station at rush hour, serenaded by the psychedelic frenzy of the Doors singing *Light My Fire*. Even the demonstrations that have become the city's most celebrated feature abroad are stylized rites of disorder, public performances in which both sides take time off for

lunch and stop fighting for the national anthem. A city like Tokyo is all spotless efficiency, a city like Calcutta all riotous confusion. Seoul, in a sense, is the meeting place of the two, the place where boisterousness collides with planning. Anarchy, you might say, by the numbers.

The first surprise upon landing in this endlessly rebuilt metropolis, 594 years old and as new as just now, is its distinctly human scale. Today roughly a quarter of the republic's 41 million people live in the city whose very name means capital, yet the feel of the place is oddly uncongested. Here is not just another high-rising Asian metropolis, like Hong Kong or Singapore or Taipei, but a compact and manageable place of little lanes and neighborhood stores, of tree-lined streets given a sense of space and rough lyricism by the granite hills that surround them. Nature is more in evidence here than Industry: to go from one downtown hotel to another, one drives around the side of Namsan (South Mountain).

Nor is Seoul, like London or Tokyo, one of those capitals that live behind veils and screens; the city wears its emotions on its streets. Everywhere one is grabbed by shoves and shouts and smells and smiles. Here is a city that does not stand—or even sit—on ceremony. The area around the stately old South Gate is a swarm of vendors. Ask a girl for Chanel, and she will produce an elegant package for \$100. Protest the price, and she will instantly draw out another box. Chanel—for less than \$6.

Engagement, in fact, is the very essence of Seoul, a vigor and emotionalism that find expression in the fierceness of the city's rites. At the World Evangelical Crusade in the Yoido Plaza last month, half a million Christians gathered round, crying "Allelujah!," their bodies swaying, their faces suffused with joy, tears streaming from their tight-closed eyes. Yet even in their ecstasies, the devotees were model citizens of Seoul: almost no one stood up, lest he obscure another's view.

Seoul is, of course, a city perpetually on alert, many of whose citizens believe themselves at war. Antitank walls line the highway leading out of town to the DMZ, just 35 miles away, and air-raid drills bring the city to a halt on the 15th of each month. Soldiers are everywhere (museums even offer specially priced "soldier" tickets). Yet for all

that, the city is much calmer than the choreographed, telegenic demonstrations suggest. For most of the area's residents, the convulsions of the "demo-crazy" students are as remote as South Bronx gangland warfare to a businessman in Manhattan; many, in fact, are concerned not that security will be too lax at the Olympics, but that it will be too inflexibly tight.

Seoul, in short, is a city of "verys," a place of extremes that demands and enforces toughness. In winter it is bitingly cold, with winds blowing down from Siberia; in summer, so hot that some choose to sleep in the streets. Simply negotiating the city is a task that is not for the faint of body. To cross busy roads, pedestrians must clamber up overpasses or, more frequently, descend into underground mazes that seethe with shops and exits. Thus a walk down three city blocks can become a ten-minute expedition that involves 92 steps down and 88 steps up, and leaves one feeling fit enough to enter the 10,000-meter run. Yet always there is an accommodating yin to balance the rigorous yang. Seoul's user-friendly subway is a miracle of swift efficiency.

That kind of surface—like the banks of vending machines, the glossy coffee shops, the state-of-the-art museum tickets—gives Seoul at times the look of a rough-and-ready version of Japan. But everything is hotter here: the summers are warmer, the people more hot-blooded, and the local food has a garlicky tang far removed from the cool elegance of sushi. Korean pride is no less full of flavor. One of the most elegant museums in the city, approached through solemn wooden gates, is devoted not to Buddhist statuary, or to modern painting, or even to Korean celadon, but simply to the country's spiciest national treasure: pickled vegetables, or kimchi.

Parts of Seoul, inevitably, feel like suburbs of America. The streets of Itaewon, not far from the Yongsan garrison, are decorated in the U.S. Army-surplus style common to base cities around the world: country-and-western bars called Bonanza and Tennessee, the Las Vegas disco, a spit-and-polish row of Pizza Hut, Pizza Inn and Shakey's. And where there are servicemen, of course, there are service-industry women: in certain hands, Seoul's rowdiness can turn to raunchiness. The body trade flourishes in the G.I. bars of Itaewon, and the city's ubiquitous barbershops have little to do with cutting hair. At Miari Texas (the name for the red-light district in the Miari area) rows upon rows of open-fronted stores, as many as 200 in all, are lined up along a busy main road. All of them are blindingly lighted and decorated in nouveau Vegas style—frilly pink rooms smothered in mirrors, wa-

tercolors, fish tanks and color-coordinated teddy bears. In every one of them, arrayed like bridesmaids in their matching uniforms—traditional *hanbok*, wedding gowns, or dresses with the Korean flag stitched into them—sit ten to 20 young girls, plaintively gazing out into the street for potential customers. This again is Seoul: the ultimate in no-holds-barred convenience shopping.

Other parts of the city are lost in another era, a different world. On the busy thoroughfare of Chongno, kids in FUNKIN' JAMAICA ROOTS T-shirts clog the doorways of Dunkin' Donuts and one of Colonel Sanders' outposts. But across the way in Pagoda Park is a scene as quiet as any Song dynasty scroll: call it "Sages Discussing Mortality." Far from the heat and noise, hundreds of old men sit on benches, dignified and serene in their white hats and wispy beards, talking over their walking sticks, fanning themselves in the shade, huddling over games of go. Some—this being Korea—are even sitting on the ground and singing a cappella to a rhythm they keep with their clapping hands.

Sometimes the eclecticism that results from all this is simply zany. Filipino minstrels serenade American diners with Jamaican calypso songs at a Mexican restaurant. The Hubba Hubba Photo Studio is just around the corner from the Christian Photo Studio, and both are pretty close to the Bolim Buddhist Department Store. Inside the Tongdaemun baseball stadium, the loudspeakers play Rodrigo's *Concierto de Aranjuez*; outside, squatting women sell seventh-inning snacks of quails' eggs and dried squid.

Yet all the fury of recent developments seems not to have diminished but only to have added pungency to the city's clangorous mix of order and warmth. Go to the Lotte Department Store any morning 30 minutes before it opens, and you will see a perfect display of Korean ceremoniousness. Workers polish the spaces between shoes. The p.a. system broadcasts an English lesson, and the shopgirls start waving their arms in the unison of official Lotte calisthenics. Then the steel gates on the street draw slowly up—to the martial strains of the Lotte theme song—and the workers take up their positions, hands demurely folded in front, carriage solemn and erect. Four women in white hats and gloves and two men in dark suits bow six times, on cue. Finally, another anthem is played, the women bow to the customers, the doors are pulled open—and half of Seoul crashes into the store. 29 people squeezed inside a single elevator, crazily dashing toward \$700 gray parrots. A subverted demonstration of efficiency, it is, in the end, as much a part of Seoul as the students' efficient demonstrations of subversiveness.

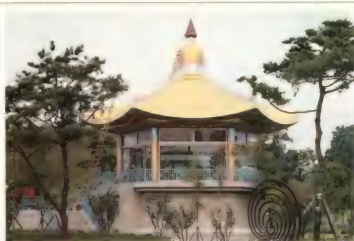
—By Pico Iyer/Seoul

More Stats

- Countries entered: 161
- Countries boycotting: 6
- Athletes: 13,600
- Officials: 4,600
- Referees: 2,000
- Journalists: 15,000
- Interpreters: 6,058
- Security forces: 100,000
- TV cameras: 213
- Estimated TV viewers: 3 billion
- Tickets sold: 2.7 million
- Tickets unsold: 1.2 million
- Tourists booked: 240,000
- Staff vehicles: 2,556
- Medical clinics: 146

STYLIZED RITES:
EVANGELICAL
PRAYER MEETING;
STUDENT RALLY





ONE OF THE TWO
ANCHOR BOOTHS
SPECIALLY BUILT
BY THE NETWORK

The 1960 Rome Games were the first Summer Games to be televised in the U.S. The CBS coverage, anchored by Jim McKay, offered 20½ hours of programming during 17 days. The rights cost a mere \$394,000.



JIM MCKAY

NBC's Bid For TV Glory

Despite a 14-hour time gap, expect a stunner



SPECIAL SECTION

Television has long been the tail that wags the Olympic mastiff. But the 1988 Summer Games may mark the first time it has wagged an entire national time system. Three years ago, while preparing to sell TV rights to the Games, South Korean Olympic officials realized that the rights would be worth more if the country's clocks were moved forward one hour—thus enabling more daytime events to be seen in prime time in the U.S. Result: last year, for the first time since the 1960s, South Korea instituted daylight saving time.

The larger implications of such media diplomacy may be a bit scary, but the TV show it has helped create promises to be a stunner. Despite the 14-hour time difference between Seoul and New York City, fully three-quarters of NBC's planned 179½ hours of coverage over the next fortnight will be live. When the telecasts begin each weekday at 7 a.m. EDT, it will be 9 p.m. in Seoul, the peak of the evening competition. When evening coverage starts, at 7:30 EDT, it will be 9:30 a.m. in Seoul, just as the daytime events are getting under way. South Korean Olympic officials have helpfully scheduled the finals of many popular events—including gymnastics, diving and boxing—for the morning and early-afternoon hours so they can be seen in the U.S. in prime time.

These and other events will be conveyed half-way around the globe by an array of new TV faces—or, more precisely, old faces in new roles. The Seoul Games will be the first televised in the

U.S. in 16 years that will not be presided over by Jim McKay and the other familiar mainstays of ABC Sports. Thanks to a bid of \$300 million for the rights, NBC is getting its first crack at an Olympics since the 1972 Winter Games in Sapporo, Japan. (Before the U.S. withdrew, NBC was scheduled to televise the 1980 Summer Games in Moscow.)

Thus *Today's* Bryant Gumbel, instead of the redoubtable McKay, will be this year's Olympic superanchor. NBC Sportscaster Bob Costas will handle late-night coverage, and Newcomer Gayle Gardner, brought over from ESPN, will co-host most of the daytime broadcasts. Among the veteran NBC hands who will be working their first TV Olympics are Charlie Jones, covering track and field, Marv Albert on boxing and Dick ("Oh my!") Enberg for gymnastics. There will even be new theme music from the ubiquitous John Williams.

NBC's cast and crew are acutely aware that they have a tough act to follow. "It's like a new actor taking over another actor's role," says Anchor Gardner. No drastic departures from ABC's successful formula are planned. NBC has rounded up the required roster of former Olympians—Gymnast Mary Lou Retton, Swimmer John Naber, High Jumper Dwight Stones—as expert analysts, and is preparing taped features similar to NBC's "Up Close and Personal" reports. "I think ABC has done a great job; we hope to do a great job too," says Michael Eskridge, NBC's executive vice president for the Olympics. "When you get right down to it, there are only so many ways to skin a cat." NBC officials have discussed, however, downplaying one oft-criticized feature of ABC's Olympic coverage: the sometimes excessive home-country boosterism. Says Eskridge: "Everybody will do his best to keep our people from becoming a rooting section."

Technically, there will be no major innovations at the Seoul Games. These will be the first Olympics telecast in stereo, and, as at the Winter Games in Calgary, several tiny cameras will be mounted in unlikely spots—at the top of the bar during the pole-vault competition, for example. NBC's biggest technical feat, however, will simply be to get the whole shebang ready in time. Problems started in February, when the network's 60,000-sq.-ft. broadcast center in Seoul was completed—six weeks late. Network crews have been working hectic twelve-hour days to make up time ever since.

At full strength, NBC will have a force of 1,100 staffers. At their disposal: 1,000 video monitors, 100 cameras, 154 tape machines and two pagoda-shaped anchor booths. Working out logistics with the South Koreans was made tougher by language and cultural differences, though NBC assuaged its staffers with tours of the Demilitarized Zone, pizza runs and egg days (bring your own eggs and have them cooked to order American-style).

Will it all be worth it? To NBC, almost certainly. The 1,750-odd minutes of advertising time is virtually sold out (at an average \$330,000 for a 30-sec. spot in prime time), and the network is projecting an overall prime-time rating of 21.2—higher than the 19.3 garnered by this year's Winter Games but less than the 23.2 ABC drew four years ago in Los Angeles. If that goal is reached, NBC stands to make an estimated \$50 million to \$75 million on the telecast. Though the network has no insurance per se, its contract with the Korea Exchange Bank guarantees reimbursement for revenues lost because of any substantial disruption of the Games. As for the disruption of South Korea's clocks, the country will return to standard time on Oct. 9, a week after the Games end.

By Richard Zoglin. Reported by Michael Shapiro/Seoul and William Tynan/New York

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- Electronic AM/FM Stereo Radio
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- Tinted Glass
- Reclining Bucket Seats
- Tilt Steering Wheel
- Rear Window Defroster
- Light Group
- Interval Wipers

**TOYOTA
COROLLA DELUXE**

- 1.6L Engine
- Automatic Transaxle
- Power Steering
- Electronic AM/FM Stereo Radio
- Electronic Digital Clock
- Tinted Glass
- Reclining Bucket Seats
- Tilt Steering Wheel
- Rear Window Defroster
- Light Group
- Split Fold Down Rear Seat

**HONDA
CIVIC DELUXE**

- 1.5L SOHC Engine
- Automatic Transaxle
- Power Steering
- Electronic AM/FM Stereo Radio
- Electronic Digital Clock
- Tinted Glass
- Reclining Bucket Seats
- Tilt Steering Wheel
- Rear Window Defroster
- Light Group
- Instrumentation Group
- Interval Wipers

**FORD
ESCORT LX**

- 1.9L SOHC EFI Engine
- Automatic Transaxle
- Power Steering
- Electronic AM/FM Stereo Radio
- Electronic Digital Clock
- Tinted Glass
- Reclining Bucket Seats
- Tilt Steering Wheel
- Rear Window Defroster
- Light Group
- Instrumentation Group
- Split Fold Down Rear Seat
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Viewer's Guide



Unless noted, events are broadcast live. Times are EDT. NBC will air an hour of recaps weekdays at 4 p.m. Weather may influence schedules. M=men's competition. W=women's competition.

Thursday, Sept. 15

9 p.m.-11 p.m. Preview.
■ In Korea a special meal starts with a colorful tray of *kujolpan*, morsels of meat and vegetables to whet the appetite. This show is *kujolpan* for the 177½-hour feast to follow.

Friday, Sept. 16



The opening in rehearsal

8 p.m.-Midnight Opening ceremonies.

■ A fleet of flags and a parade of nations, ancient drums and modern skydivers, the torch, the oath, 88 trumpeters, 144 robots, 2,400 pigeons, 13,600 athletes. Count 'em.

Saturday, Sept. 17



China's Xu Yanmei

4 p.m.-7 p.m. Boxing prelims (tape). Basketball (M): Canada vs. Brazil.

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Diving (W): platform finals. Swimming (M & W): heats. Basketball (M): U.S. vs. Spain.

12:30 a.m.-2 a.m. Gymnastics (M): team compulsories. ■ Boxing prelims run through Sept. 29. U.S. Diver Michele Mitchell takes off against the favored Chinese. Swimmers Matt Biondi and Janet Evans begin their multiple-medal quests. Spain may be a spoiler for John Thompson's boys.

Sunday, Sept. 18



Evans on the brink

8 a.m.-Noon Gymnastics (M): team compulsories.

4 p.m.-7 p.m. Taped highlights.

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Swimming (M & W): finals. Gymnastics

(W): team compulsories. Basketball (W): U.S. vs. Czech.

U.S.S.R. vs. Bulgaria. Volleyball (M): U.S. vs. Neth. **12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m.** Baseball: U.S. vs. Korea.

■ Biondi and Evans swim the 200-m freestyle and 400-m ind. medley, respectively. Though U.S. v-ballers and b-ballers should have little trouble with their opponents, the Soviet hoopsters will get pressure from Bulgaria.

Monday, Sept. 19



Louganis: from the top

7 a.m.-10 a.m. Gymnastics (W): team compulsories.

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Diving (M): springboard finals. Basketball (M): U.S. vs. Canada. Volleyball

(W): U.S. vs. China. **12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m.** Gymnastics (M): team optionals.

■ Greg Louganis bids to duplicate his '84 springboard victory. The scrappy U.S. women volleyballers will probably succumb to defending Olympic champ China.

Tuesday, Sept. 20



Brazil's Oscar

7 a.m.-10 a.m. Gymnastics (M): team optionals, final rotation.

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Swimming (M & W): finals. Basketball (M): U.S. vs. Brazil.

Water Polo: U.S. vs. Yugoslavia. **12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m.** Field Hockey (W) U.S. vs. Neth.

■ Expect the Chinese, East German and Japanese men to be chasing the Soviet gymnasts for team gold. Swimmer Tamás Darnyi of Hungary to be chasing his own world record in the 400-m ind. medley, and Biondi to be continuing his medal chase, in the 100-m butterfly. On the basketball court the U.S. takes on the 1987 Pan Am winner, Brazil, and its colorful colossus, Oscar Schmidt. In the water Terry

Schroeder captains the U.S. against defending world and Olympics champ, Yugoslavia.

Wednesday, Sept. 21



Bilozherchev on the bar

7 a.m.-10 a.m. Gymnastics (W): team optionals.

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Gymnastics (M): ind. all-around finals begin. Water Polo: U.S. vs. Spain. Volleyball (M): U.S. vs. Argentina. Swimming (M & W): heats. Pentathlon concludes.

12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m. Gymnastics (M): all-around finals conclude. Equestrian (team and ind.): three-day event ends.

■ The Rumanian and Soviet women's gymnastic teams may be unparalleled. A determined Dmitri Bilozherchev will get fierce competition from his Soviet teammates for the all-around title. Though Spain boasts the world's best water-polo player in Manuel Estiarte, the U.S. should win Biondi is at it again. The multidiscipline pentathlon concludes with a grueling 4,000-m cross-country run. A hold-your-breath show jumping competition climaxes the three-day equestrian event.

Thursday, Sept. 22



U.S.S.R.'s Shushunova

7 a.m.-10 a.m. Swimming (M & W): finals.

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Gymnastics (W): ind. all-around finals. Track (W): marathon, heptathlon Day 1.

12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m. Track (W): heptathlon continues. Track (M): heats in 100-m, shot put final. Track (W): 3,000-m heats.

■ Evans, Biondi and East Germany's Kristin Otto should be defending their world records in the finals of the 400-m freestyle, 100-m free and 100-m back. The biggest night for the U.S.S.R.'s Elena Shushunova and the other sprites who want to be the next Olga, Nadia or Mary Lou Portugal's best, Rosa Mota, is favored to win the marathon. The unrivaled Jackie Joyner-Kersey sets out to break her own heptathlon record.

Friday, Sept. 23



Johnson: Fastest alive?

7 a.m.-10 a.m. Swimming (M & W): finals.

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Track (W): heptathlon Day 2. Track (M): 100-m final, triple jump final. Gymnastics (M): ind.

event finals. Rowing (M): single sculls final. **12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m.** Gymnastics (M): ind. event finals conclude. Track (W): heptathlon continues.

■ Look for the U.S. men, with the ubiquitous Biondi, to win the 4 × 100-m freestyle relay and for East German record-holder Silke Hörner to take the 100-m breaststroke. Joyner-Kersey continues her heptathlon assault. Showdown: Carl Lewis and Canada's Ben Johnson, head to head in the 100-m dash. Willie Banks tries to hop-skip-leap through the 60-ft. triple jump barrier. Among the star gymnasts taking a final turn: China's Lou Yun (floor, vault), the U.S.S.R.'s Vladimir Artemov (parallel bars) 6-ft. 7-in. Finnish sculler Pertti Karpinen goes after an unprecedented fourth gold.

12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m. Track (W): heptathlon continues.

■ Look for the U.S. men, with the ubiquitous Biondi, to win the 4 × 100-m freestyle relay and for East German record-holder Silke Hörner to take the 100-m breaststroke. Joyner-Kersey continues her heptathlon assault. Showdown: Carl Lewis and Canada's Ben Johnson, head to head in the 100-m dash. Willie Banks tries to hop-skip-leap through the 60-ft. triple jump barrier. Among the star gymnasts taking a final turn: China's Lou Yun (floor, vault), the U.S.S.R.'s Vladimir Artemov (parallel bars) 6-ft. 7-in. Finnish sculler Pertti Karpinen goes after an unprecedented fourth gold.

Saturday, Sept. 24



Flo-Jo: she's No. 1

Noon-1 p.m. On tape: Track (W): heptathlon concludes. Cycling (M & W): 1,000-m sprint final. Swimming (M & W): finals.

4 p.m.-7 p.m. Features and more taped highlights.

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Gymnastics (W): ind. event finals. Track (M): 400-m hurdles final, high jump final. Track (W): 100-m dash final. Diving (W): springboard final.

12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m. Track (W): 3,000-m final.

■ The U.S.'s Connie Young could prevent East German Cyclist Christa Rothenburger Luding from becoming the first woman to go gold in both winter and summer. West Germany's Michael "The Albatross" Gross is favored to repeat in the 200-m butterfly; the East German women are expected to leave all other teams in their wake in the 4 × 100-m medley relay; and Matt you-

know-who is swimming the 50-m freestyle. Edwin Moses defends his 400-m hurdles crown. Sweden's Patrik Sjöberg leads a half-dozen high jumpers who could clear a historic 8 ft. In the 100-m flamboyant Flo-Jo (Florence Griffith Joyner) is expected to outdash and outflash '84 Champ Evelyn Ashford and the powerful East Germans. Chinese Diver Gao Min shows her stuff. In the wee hours: Mary Decker Slaney looks to change her Olympic luck.

Sunday, Sept. 25



Lewis:
Going for it?

8 a.m.-Noon Swimming (M & W): finals (tape).

4 p.m.-7 p.m. Features and more taped highlights.

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Track (M): 800-m finals.

hammer-throw finals. Diving (M): platform prelims.

12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m. Track (M): long-jump finals. 110-m hurdles finals.

■ **World-Record Holder** Tamis Darni shows his versatility in the 200-m ind. medley. Morocco's multidistance whiz Said Aouita takes on Brazil's '84 champ Joaquim Cruz and Britain's Steve Cram at 800 m. Overwhelming favorite Carl Lewis once again takes off after track and field's longest-standing record, Bob Beamon's 29-ft. 2½-in. long jump. '84 Winner Roger Kingdom returns in the 110-m hurdles.

Monday, Sept. 26



Smith:
golden grip

7 a.m.-10 a.m. Basketball (M): quarterfinals (live and tape).

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Diving (M): platform finals. Basketball (W): semifinals. Volleyball (W): semifinals.

Wrestling: freestyle prelims begin, schedule to be determined just before the Games start.

12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m. Water Polo: U.S. vs. Hungary. Equestrian: ind. dressage final.

■ **Louganis** could be going for his second gold of '88 and a rare fourth diving win overall. The Soviet and Yugoslav women will probably join Kay

Yow's U.S. charges in the basketball semis. Americans to look for in the freestyle wrestling prelims include Gold Medal Favorite John Smith (world champ in the 136.5-lb. class). Mark Schultz (180.5 lbs.). Twins Jim (198 lbs.) and Bill (220 lbs.) Scherr, and Super Heavyweight Bruce Baumgartner.

Tuesday, Sept. 27



Pitching whiz:
Abbott

7 a.m.-10 a.m. Judo: 156.5-lb. final (tape).

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Basketball (M): semifinal. Volleyball (M): semifinals.

Track (M): decathlon Day 1, pole-vault final, 400-m dash final. Tennis (M & W): semifinals. Equestrian: team jumping final.

12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m. Track (M): decathlon Day 1 continues, 200-m final. Baseball final.

■ **Mike Swain**, the only world champ in judo the U.S. has ever produced, is a good bet for a gold. As with the women, it should be the U.S., U.S.S.R. and Yugoslavia in the men's basketball semis. Britain's irrepressible Daley Thompson takes to the track and field for the initial five decathlon events. If Soviet Star Sergei Bubka is in top form, the first 20-ft. pole vault could be in the air. Buch Reynolds, fresh from breaking the 20-year-old world record, could lead the U.S. in a 400-m sweep. Look for the U.S. baseball team, featuring Pitcher Jim Abbott, born with only one hand, to bring home a victory.

Wednesday, Sept. 28



Thompson:
times ten

7 a.m.-10 a.m. On tape: Basketball (M): semifinal. Boxing: quarterfinals.

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Weight lifting: super heavy weight finals. Boxing: semifinals. Basketball (W): final. Track (M): decathlon Day 2. Track (W): long-jump finals.

12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m. Track (M): decathlon continues.

■ **The Bulgarians and Soviets** dominate weight lifting generally and the super heavy-

weights especially: tonight's battle of the behemoths could produce a new record. Joyner-Kersey will be stretching to outjump World Record Holder Galina Chistyakova of the U.S.S.R. and the G.D.R.'s Heike Drechsler.

Thursday, Sept. 29



Parker: steady
as she goes

7 a.m.-10 a.m. Volleyball (W): final. Track (M): decathlon concludes (tape). Track (W): 200-m final. Wrestling: freestyle finals (tape).

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Basketball (M): final. Track (W): high-jump final. Water polo: final round begins. Synchronized swimming: solo final. Tennis (M): singles final.

12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m. Archery: individual finals.

■ **The Chinese women**, '84 gold medalists, are the volleyball favorites. The videotape will tell if Thompson has earned an unprecedented third decathlon gold. Flo-Jo faces a hot field in the 200 m. Barring the unforeseen, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. will be in a replay of the controversial 1972 basketball final. With tennis returning as a medal sport for the first time in 64 years, look for a couple of the usual suspects: Wilander and Edberg. A veteran and a newcomer spark the U.S. archery team: 31-year-old Darrell Pace, the only double-gold archer, and 14-year-old Denise Parker, winner of the '87 Pan Am Games.

Friday, Sept. 30



Steffi Graf:
matchless

7 a.m.-10 a.m. Wrestling: freestyle finals (tape). Table tennis (M & W): singles semifinals.

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Track (M): 1,500-m final. Track (W):

1,500-m final, 4 × 100-m relay final. Boxing: finals. Tennis (W): singles final. Canoe (M): K-1, 1,000-m final.

12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m. Track (M & W): Relay finals, cont.

■ **Slam-bang** table tennis from China, Sweden and Korea (catch those home-team fans). Aouita could be running away with one 1,500-m while

Slaney battles the U.S.S.R.'s Tatiana Samolenko and Rumina's Paula Ivan in the other. U.S. Boxers Michael Carbajal (106 lbs.), Kelcie Banks (125), Todd Foster (139), Anthony Haynard (178), Ray Mercer (201) and Riddick Bowe (201+) are expected to punch out some metal tonight and tomorrow. Who will be fed to Steffi? Kayaker Greg Barton attempts to improve on his 1984 bronze.

Saturday, Oct. 1



Kiraly:
Capt. Marvel

Noon-1 p.m. On tape: Water polo: final. Soccer: final. Table tennis (M & W): singles and doubles finals.

4 p.m.-7 p.m. Features and more taped highlights, inc. wrestling finals.

7:30 p.m.-Midnight Boxing: finals. Volleyball (M): final. **12:30 a.m.-2:30 a.m.** Track (M): marathon.

■ **A non-medal competition** for viewers to judge: Which fans will be the noisiest, those watching the soccer (cheering perhaps for Italy, West Germany, Brazil) or those at table tennis rooting for Chinese Superstar Jiang Jialing? Veteran Captain Karolyi will lead the U.S. into what would be these Games' final confrontation with the U.S.S.R.: on the volleyball court. While none of the U.S. sleeps, Kenya's Douglas Wakihuri and Djibouti's Ahmed Salah should be leading home a wide-open marathon field.

Sunday, Oct. 2



Hall and farewell

8 a.m.-Noon Features and taped highlights.

7 p.m.-11 p.m. Closing ceremonies (tape). ■ **The finale:** Anthems, pagentry, camaraderie, the flame extinguished and bye-bye til Barcelona.

Tuesday, Oct. 4

8 p.m.-11 p.m. Review.

■ **In case you've been in a cave** for the past 2½ weeks.

—By William Tynan. Reported by Brian Cazeneuve/New York

BETA CAROTENE AND CANCER. A PROGRESS REPORT.

NCI CANCER PREVENTION TRIALS USING BETA CAROTENE

For several years, both the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society have been recommending diets that include foods rich in Beta Carotene.

Why? Because population studies have indicated a clear association between diets high in Beta Carotene rich foods and a lower incidence of certain forms of cancer. A similar association based on actual measurements of Beta Carotene levels in the blood has also been shown in several studies, including a recent one conducted at Johns Hopkins University.*

Based on increasing evidence from these studies and numerous other research findings, the National Cancer Institute is currently sponsoring 14 long-term, large scale studies which include Beta Carotene as a possible cancer inhibitor.

These studies, involving cancers of the lung, colon, skin and esophagus, are being conducted around the world: in America, in Europe, in China, and in Africa. They are measuring the effects of Beta Carotene in dietary supplement form. The supplements given in a number of the studies combine Beta Carotene with other nutrients.

Data from this research should begin to appear in the next few years. While the scientific community continues its research in this vital health area, you should consider carefully the recommendations of the major cancer prevention authorities, including, of course, not smoking and having regular check-ups.

LOCATION

1. Boston
2. Finland
3. Seattle
4. Pittsburgh
5. Seattle
6. Tyler, TX
7. China
8. Hanover, NH
9. Chicago
10. China
11. China

CANCER

- All
- Lung
- Lung
- Lung
- Lung
- Lung
- Lung
- Colon
- Colon
- Esophagus
- Esophagus

STUDY GROUP

- Physicians
- Smokers
- Smokers
- Smokers
- Asbestos
- Asbestos
- Tin Miners
- Polyps
- Polyps
- Dysplasia
- General Population
- Albino
- Previous Skin Cancer
- Previous Skin Cancer

12. Tanzania
13. Hanover, NH
14. New York City

- Skin
- Skin
- Skin

*"Serum Beta Carotene, Vitamins A and E, Selenium and Risk of Lung Cancer"
New England Journal of Medicine, November 13, 1986.



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Medicine

Crack Comes to the Nursery

More and more cocaine-using mothers are bearing afflicted infants

When reports surfaced in the early 1980s that cocaine use by pregnant women could cause serious physical and mental impairment to their newborns, it was another warning that the snowy white drug was not as harmless as some believed. Doctors found that cocaine, like heroin and alcohol, could be passed from the user-mother to the fetus with disastrous results. Since then the epidemic of cocaine-afflicted babies has only become worse. The main reason, growing numbers of women are using crack, the cheap and readily available purified form of cocaine that plagues America's inner cities and has spread into middle-class suburbs. Says Dr. Richard Fulroth, a Stanford University neonatologist: "The women have tears streaming down their cheeks when they tell me, 'In the back of my mind I knew I was hurting my baby, but in the front of it, I needed more rocks.'"

Even dramatic new evidence of widespread cocaine use by pregnant women probably underestimates the extent of the problem. Addressing a meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences held in Bethesda, Md., last week, Dr. Ira Chasnoff of Chicago's Northwestern Memorial Hospital reported that a study he directed of 36 U.S. hospitals found that at least 11% of 155,000 pregnant women surveyed had exposed their unborn babies to illegal drugs, with cocaine by far the most common. "There are women who wouldn't smoke and wouldn't drink," he says, "but they can't stay away from cocaine." Chasnoff concedes that his numbers are probably low since many of the hospitals did not take full prenatal histories.

Doctors have little doubt that crack is driving the new epidemic of drug-affected infants. "When crack cocaine hit Oakland, the number of small, sick babies just went through the roof," says Fulroth. The statistics bear him out. In 1984 some 5% of the newborns at Highland General Hospital, which serves Oakland's rough inner city, were contaminated with the drug. So far this year, about 20% of all babies born at Highland have been afflicted by crack. The problem, however, is not confined to low-income, minority patients. Says Chasnoff: "Our findings cut across all socioeconomic backgrounds."

As doctors see more and more crack-damaged infants—many of them premature—a clearer picture of the effects of the drug on the fetus is emerging. It is not a pretty one. Because a mother's crack



Inconsolable: month-old daughter of coke-using mother

binge triggers spasms in the baby's blood vessels, the vital flow of oxygen and nutrients can be severely restricted for long periods. Fetal growth, including head and brain size, may be impaired, strokes and seizures may occur, and malformations of the kidneys, genitals, intestines and spinal cord may develop. If the cocaine dose is large enough, the blood supply can be cut

so sharply that the placenta may tear loose from the uterus, putting the mother in danger and killing the fetus. The horrific litany is not just the result of binges. Even one "hit" of crack can irreparably damage a fetus or breast-fed baby.

At birth the babies display obvious signs of crack exposure—tremors, irritability and lethargy—that may belie the seriousness of the harm done. These symptoms may disappear in a week or more, but the underlying damage remains. While the long-term effects of crack are unknown, Stanford's Fulroth points out that children born with small heads often have lower than normal I.Q. levels by ages three to six.

Because there is no specific treatment for cocaine babies, therapists must work with the mothers. Parenting programs are teaching women how to handle the babies' long bouts of inconsolable crying and unresponsiveness. But such programs are usually designed for motivated women with some financial resources. Says Dr. Robert Cefalo, of the University of North Carolina School of Medicine: "We should be reaching these women before they conceive."

Too often, that is difficult to do. Crack mothers who show up at hospitals have often smoked up to the last stages of labor. Many are so high they do not notice when labor begins. Says Fulroth: "The crack cocaine mothers are the sickest you're going to see. They come in right when they're ready to deliver, and you just hold your breath waiting to see what you're gonna get." The message is clear: for expectant mothers—and their babies—crack is a nightmare.

By John Langone,
Reported by Shelagh Donoghue/Chicago and
Dennis Wyss/San Francisco

Eye on the Ball?

As a boy, Ophthalmologist José Portal was a star pitcher and a good shortstop too, but, he recalls, "I couldn't hit worth a damn." That is, not until he switched to batting left-handed. After studying 23 varsity baseball players at the University of Florida campus in Gainesville, Portal thinks he knows why. In last week's *New England Journal of Medicine*, Portal and fellow Researcher Paul Romano reported that it's mostly a matter of eye-hand dominance. The better pitchers—and poorer hitters—tend to have a dominant, or favored, eye and hand on the

same side. But good hitters have crossed dominance: the preferred eye and hand are on opposite sides. Confusing? Not really. A pitcher needs to be able to sight along the line of a pitch. On the other hand, a left-handed batter with, say, a batting average of .300 probably has a sharp right eye turned toward the pitcher and a

well-tuned left hand to guide his swing. The researchers advise young athletes to take their cue from their dominant eye: "If right-eyed, bat left-handed, and if left-eyed, bat right-handed." Portal notes, however, that stellar sluggers and pitchers appear to be in a league apart: they don't favor either eye. Says he: "It's as if they have an eye in the center of the brain."



Crossed dominance?

Space

Close Call over Kazakhstan

A near tragedy shakes Moscow and stirs up questions

"Accident! The engine worked 60 seconds and then shut off."

Never before had the world received so stunning a glimpse of a Soviet space crisis. Cramped inside a tiny capsule 155 miles above the earth, Commander Vladimir Lyakhov radioed mission control that something was desperately wrong. Seated beside him was a hastily trained Afghan cosmonaut, Abdul Ahad Mohmand. Replied a ground controller: "How are things with food?" Lyakhov: "There is no food." Controller: "What about the emergency rations?" Lyakhov: "They are there, but why touch them? We will be patient," he added, noting that there was no way to rid themselves of wastes.

The near tragedy exposed some operational flaws in a Soviet space program that, in manned flight at least, has far outstripped its U.S. counterpart. American experts said the Kremlin had precipitately scheduled the mission as a gesture



Happy landing: Mohmand and Lyakhov back on the ground

of Soviet-Afghan friendship before Soviet troops complete their pullout from Afghanistan early next year. The hurried launch gave the three-man crew only six months to prepare as a team for a voyage that normally requires a full year of intensive training. Soviet space officials later conceded that the cosmonauts may

have "lost vigilance" during the flight.

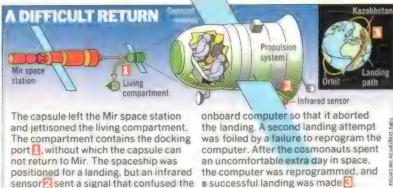
Trouble struck the Soyuz TM-5 spacecraft soon after it left the Soviet orbiting space station Mir and started on its way home. The cosmonauts had just completed a six-day mission in which they performed routine experiments with the two Mir cosmonauts, who are spending a year in space. Lyakhov, 47, and Mohmand, 29, an Afghan pilot, had returned to the two-stage Soyuz capsule for the three-hour trip back to the Soviet Union, leaving Physician Valeri Polyakov behind to continue monitoring the health of the station crew.

The two successfully completed the separation from Mir early Tuesday morning, then crawled into the cramped re-entry vehicle and jettisoned the compartment of the Soyuz craft that contained toilet facilities and living space. They had just settled in to await the firing of the computer-controlled rocket that was programmed to decelerate the spacecraft from its orbital speed for the descent into the atmosphere. Accounts of what happened next differ, but indications are that as the ship passed through a twilight region of space between day and night, an infrared sensor, which fixes the space-

CONNEX

THE BEST-KEPT SECRET IN THE INVESTMENT WORLD.

A DIFFICULT RETURN



The capsule left the Mir space station and jettisoned the living compartment. The compartment contains the docking port 1, without which the capsule can not return to Mir. The spaceship was positioned for a landing, but an infrared sensor 2 sent a signal that confused the

onboard computer so that it aborted the landing. A second landing attempt was foiled by a failure to reprogram the computer. After the cosmonauts spent an uncomfortable extra day in space, the computer was reprogrammed, and a successful landing was made 3.

craft's position in relation to earth, was confused by rays of sunlight. The unexpected signal caused the computer to abort the normal firing.

When the re-entry maneuver was attempted again, three hours later, the rocket abruptly stopped after just seven seconds. Reason: it had apparently not occurred to either the cosmonauts or the ground controllers to reprogram the computer for the spacecraft's new position. Lyakhov responded by pressing a manual button to restart the engine, but the computer again cut off the rocket. Admitted the cosmonaut afterward: "I am not excusing myself. There was fault there."

By then the situation was critical. Strapped into stiff re-entry suits inside the

107-cu.-ft. lander, the cosmonauts could hardly move. They had food and air for perhaps three days. A surrealistic touch was added by a bag of live fish that had been used in an experiment and occupied the third seat in the lander. Mission-control engineers were concerned that ice could form inside the vehicle and freeze the cosmonauts—and the fish—to death.

With time running out, ground controllers reprogrammed the Soyuz computers and simulated new re-entry paths. Finally, at 4:50 a.m. Wednesday, 26 hours after the initial mishap, the wayward capsule floated beneath an orange-and-white parachute onto the desert in Soviet Kazakhstan, landing in a puff of sand only six miles from its replotted touchdown.

Lyakhov had barely stepped out before Soviet space officials began assessing blame. In a rare outburst of criticism, Viktor Blagov, a deputy mission-control chief, scolded the cosmonaut for failing to use manual controls to land the spacecraft. But Yevgeni Bogomolov, research director for Glavkosmos, the Soviet space agency, defended Lyakhov and criticized mission-control planners for failing to understand "nuances" in the computer program.

However, that was not the end of the headaches for Soviet space officials. By week's end ground problems had disabled Moscow's unmanned Phobos 1 Mars probe, which was launched in July. After first losing contact with the craft, Moscow said a controller had sent an incorrect command that left the vehicle "frozen" and virtually useless. Phobos 2, the probe's Mars-bound twin, remained on course for a January orbit.

Some U.S. scientists blamed the Soyuz mishap on what James Oberg, a Houston-based Soviet space expert, called the "incredible haste" with which that mission was flown. Oberg said the late-summer launch had led to the disorienting encounter with the sun's rays. He calculated that the cosmonauts had narrowly avoided falling into an unstable, atmosphere-grazing orbit. Had that occurred, both they and their capsule would have been completely incinerated.

—By John Greenwald,

Reported by Paul Hofbein/Moscow and Richard Woodbury/Houston

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Sport

For Steffi Graf, an Open Slam Dunk

The West German teenager captures the rarest of laurels

The accomplishment was very nearly nonpareil. To put the grand slam of tennis in perspective, it is far rarer than either baseball's (16) or horse racing's (eleven) triple crowns. The recent demigods, Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert and Billie Jean King among them have 47 major tournament victories, but none managed that perfect dominance over their rivals and the calendar. Only four other tennis players, male and female, belong in this most exclusive of tennis clubs: Don Budge (1938), Maureen Connolly (1953), Rod Laver (1962 and 1969) and Margaret Court (1970). On Saturday Steffi Graf of West Germany joined that short list, after momentary jitters, with a 6-3, 3-6, 6-1 win over Argentine Gabriela Sabatini in the U.S. Open final.

Graf, 19, secured her place on the plaque with a style drawn more from Clausewitz than Connolly or Court. She dropped only two sets in the course of her conquest. In the first act, the Australian Open in January, she sent Evert down under 6-1, 7-6. In Paris in June, she pulverized Soviet Natalia Zvereva 6-0, 6-0, the only double bagel ever in a French Open singles final and the first in a grand-slam final since 1911. The walkover took all of 32 minutes on the soft, molasses-slow red clay. During the award ceremony, when the centurion had metamorphosed back into an unaffected teenage millionaire, Graf meekly apologized to the crowd. "I'm very sorry it was so fast."

Her first test came in July during the Wimbledon finals. Navratilova, the wom-



Four for four: after Saturday's victory

an Graf dethroned as No. 1, sees the All England Club's greenswards as a personal fief, and she won the opening set. For a moment it looked as though the 31-year-old Navratilova would gain a distinction long coveted—a record ninth Wimbledon singles title, one more than Helen Wills

Moody won back in the 1920s and '30s. Martina punched the air in anticipation. But silently the skies turned from summer sun to North Atlantic squall, and Steffi simply and unceremoniously broke the veteran's serve again and again. When the carpet bombing from Graf's forehead was over, the score was 5-7, 6-2, 6-1, and a tournament official had to show the slightly abashed young woman how to hold the trophy for the crowd.

By the time the U.S. Open came around, scarcely anyone doubted that Graf would romp. Her task was made even easier when Navratilova exited prematurely in the quarterfinals after a fabulous seasawing bout, probably the fortnight's best, with Zina Garrison. It was a particularly melancholy end for Navratilova, who during 1983-84 won six consecutive majors and contends that she too has won the slam. Few, however, agree: the slam, like all classic stories, must adhere to certain unities of time and space, the calendar year being one of them.

Unconcerned by such questions, Graf blew through the tournament. The always formidable challenge of a semifinal appointment with Evert evaporated when the American caught a stomach flu and had to default. Then came the meeting with Sabatini, who had beaten Graf twice so far this year—the only person to do so. But not this time. Graf was uneven—"In the second set, I was not so tough"—but finished overwhelmingly. When the Open was finally closed, Graf had lost just 23 games in six matches. That was all the more restful for Graf, who is off to Seoul to collect a gold medal in the newly reinstated Olympic event of tennis, a victory that would complete an even grander slam.

—By Daniel Benjamin

A Cat's Cup

The America's Cup sank into a Bermuda Triangle of lawyers, loudmouths and bad losers last week. In the best-of-three event, Dennis Conner's *Stars & Stripes* grimly fended off a rogue challenge for the jug, outsailing *New Zealand* in a pair of yawners off San Diego. Nearly the only exciting development was the fact that *Stars & Stripes* few sponsors' logos, a Cup first. One of them, Diet Pepsi, was an apt choice for a low-calorie affair that was an embarrassing mismatch.

It began over a year ago, when Auckland Investment Banker Michael Fay over-

turned 30 years of tradition and challenged the San Diego Yacht Club to a one-on-one race, instead of joining a regatta planned for 1991. When a New York State Supreme Court upheld Fay's captious interpretation of the rules, San Diego countered in kind by saying regulations permitted it to defend in a catamaran, a multihulled craft usually speedier than a monohull.

And so it was. After matching the 132-ft. *New Zealand* tack for tack in the opening minutes of the first race, Conner finished with a commanding 18-min. lead. In Friday's second meeting Conner again blazed ahead, winning by a comfortable 21 min. Back on land after the first contest, the Kiwis complained that Conner had not beaten them

by a large enough margin. They argued that Conner slowed down to make *Stars & Stripes* seem more equal to their big boat, thereby defusing

Fay's claim of a mismatch. Asked by a reporter if he were "dogging it," Conner snapped, "I'm sailing a cat. Someone else is sailing a dog."

A committee of Cup heavyweights has proposed amending the rules so that renegade challenges and disagreements among competitors can no longer disrupt the festivities—and the cash flow for the regatta's host city. Although Fay approves of the idea, he still intends to go back to court to challenge last week's outcome. If the judge agrees that the cat was illegal, the mug will go to *New Zealand*. In that case, Conner said he'd just have to go Down Under and win it back again. Maybe the next time they'll both be sailing in turkeys.



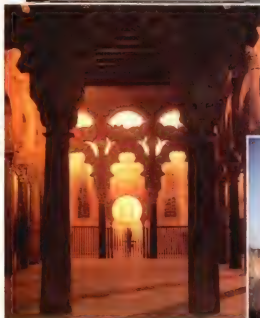
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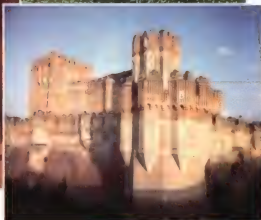
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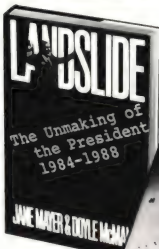


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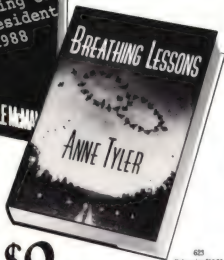


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Books

A Surprising Mid-Life Striptease

THE FACTS: A NOVELIST'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Philip Roth
Farrar Straus & Giroux; 195 pages; \$17.95

Shortly before the publication of his novel *The Counterlife* (1987), Philip Roth remarked, "If I ever wrote an autobiography, I'd call it *The Counterbook*." Fat chance, or so it seemed at the time. For nearly 30 years, Roth had been hearing accusations that he was merely a closet biographer, that his heroes, whether named David Kepesh, Peter Tarnopol, Alexander Portnoy or Nathan Zuckerman, were simply transparent disguises for their self-obsessed creator. Finding that denials did nothing to stem such charges, Roth responded by heaping coals on controversy. Did some readers accuse him of anti-Semitism? Very well. Roth gave them and the world Portnoy's Complaint, a long hilarious howl of ethnic self-laceration. Were not three novels about Nathan Zuckerman, a Jewish writer suspiciously resembling Roth, finally enough? Roth's answer was to provide still more Zuckerman in *The Counterlife*, a brilliant demonstration of the magic of imagination and the drabness of mere reality.

Having tirelessly ridiculed the notion that his books are really about himself, Roth has now produced—an autobiography. It is not called *The Counterbook*, as it turns out, but *The Facts*, in which the previously reticent writer points out instances in which his life, after all, has been lugged directly into his fiction. No one who has carefully followed Roth's career could have expected this mid-life striptease, least of all, apparently, its author. His confession begins with an apology of sorts, a letter to Zuckerman explaining how the book came to be written and wondering "Why should anybody other than me be reading it, especially as I acknowledge that they've gotten a good bit of it elsewhere, under other auspices?"

ROTH TO ZUCKERMAN:

Is the book any good? Because *The Facts* has meant more to me than may be obvious and because I've never worked before without my imagination having been fired by someone like you... I'm in no real position to tell. Be candid.

This, given Roth's previous intransigence on the subject, is a stunning concession. But before the champagne is uncorked and the balloons go up—Roth has come clean at last!—a little caution should be maintained. For one thing, the author essentially blames this book on a period of physical distress and mental depression that he experienced during the spring of 1987. "In order to recover what I had lost, I had to go back to the moment of origin." To an inveterate novelist, apparently, telling the truth is a manifestation of disorienting illness. More troubling, there is that letter to Zuckerman at the beginning and, at the end of this presumptive exercise in candor, the imaginary Zuckerman's lengthy and negative critique of what he has just read. The facts may be here, all right, but they are carefully hedged with fictions.

Still, Roth's concern that he is the only one who will care about this book seems unwarranted. It is fascinating to watch a major writer re-examine his life, trying to extricate reality from the tales it later inspired. Sometimes, as he has so often pointed out, the gap

between the two proves enormous. Roth de-

scribes his Newark childhood in warm, elegiac terms that completely invert the cramped, maddening domesticity endured by Alexander Portnoy: "Our lower-middle-class neighborhood of houses and shops—a few square miles of tree-lined streets at the corner of the city bordering on residential Hillside and semi-industrial Irvington—was as safe and peaceful a haven for me as his rural community would have been for an Indiana farm boy."

His college years at Bucknell gave Roth a taste for writing and the sort of sexual imbrolios that would later crop up in his fiction. During his senior year, his landlady discovered his girlfriend in Roth's room and threatened, briefly, to have them both expelled. "It was the mid-1960s," Roth notes, "before I got round to exploiting this painful, ludicrous episode for a scene in my novel *When She Was Good*." But it was while teaching at the University of Chicago that Roth ran into the elemental force that would permanently shape him as a man and a writer. Her name was Margaret Martinson, although she is called Josie here, and the disaster of their stormy love affair was capped by the calamity of their marriage. She later confessed, Roth claims, to having hoodwinked him by obtaining a urine sample from a pregnant black woman and submitting it to a doctor. Roth writes, "The description in *My Life as a Man*... of how Peter Tarnopol is tricked by Maureen Johnson into believing her pregnant parallels almost exactly how I was deceived by Josie in February 1959." He adds, "These scenes represent one of the few occasions when I haven't spontaneously set out to improve on actuality in the interest of being more interesting. I couldn't have been more interesting—I couldn't have been as interesting."

In his response, Zuckerman takes a dim view of such passages: "Look, anything is better than My Ex-Wife the Bitch—I just cannot read that stuff."

Other complaints pour forth: "This manuscript is steeped in the nice-guy side... Where's the anger... And where's the hu-



ZUCKERMAN TO ROTH:

Here is the candor you ask for: Don't publish—you are far better off writing about me than "accurately" reporting your own life... I'd say you're still as much in need of me as I of you... This isn't you at your most interesting.



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bris, by the way?" The answer, of course, is that they are all here, if not conveyed by Roth directly then underlined afterward by his fictional counterpart. Despite its sincere attempt to set the record straight, *The Facts* inevitably shades into fiction. Roth is worth reading not for what happened to him but for what he made of it. And this odd, unexpected book is one of his happier creations.

—By Paul Gray

Sexual Détente

THE TRUTH ABOUT LORIN JONES

by Alison Lurie

Little, Brown; 328 pages; \$18.95

"Polly Alter used to like men, but she didn't trust them anymore, or have very much to do with them." Is Polly anyone we know? Of course she is. This first line of Alison Lurie's eighth novel may not rank with "Call me Ishmael," but it fits an age in which communication between the sexes sometimes seems to be conducted solely through therapists and lawyers. Thus Lurie, whose *The War Between the Tates* (1974) was a notably witty account of sexual skirmishing, labels her new book as the trendiest of problem novels.

But does Polly, a fortyish art historian at work on a biography of a brilliant, little-known woman painter named Lorin Jones, really have a problem? Polly's women friends don't think so. Most of them are solitaires of one sort or another, and they warmly support her isolation. She is well shed, they feel, of her first husband, a medical researcher who, a few years before, with typical male arrogance, left Manhattan for a job in Denver, forcing Polly to choose between marriage and her museum job. Her only difficulty, in this view, is that their delightful 13-year-old son, who lives with her, is being transformed by puberty into a male animal, and thus an enemy.

Lurie, however, tips her hand, perhaps too early in the book, in the direction of heterosexual détente. The ex-husband, now remarried, is sketched as a decent fellow. Polly's closest friend, a cozy, cat-like lesbian named Jeanne, shows herself, in the book's best characterization, to be malicious and totally self-absorbed. Most important, Polly's research, which she and her friends assume will prove that Painter Jones was abused and underrated by the men in her life, goes awkwardly sour. It turns out that Jones was indeed a genius but that she was far harder on men than they were on her.

Unfortunately, the revelations about Jones are not monstrous enough (she was erratic mentally and took drugs) to disguise the real intent of the novel's rather soapy second half: to find a nice, sexy, feminist man for Polly. Why is this soapy? Because the author misplaces the fine edge of irony with which she described the lesbian Jeanne. Her tone becomes ever so slightly earnest. And earnest, in the writing of social comedy, is what it is very important not to be.

—By John Skow

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Bookends

KEEPERS OF THE KEYS

by Wilton Wynn

Random House; 278 pages; \$18.95



When Pope Pius XII died in 1958, his aide and preferred successor, Archbishop Giovanni Battista Montini, was ineligible for the papacy because he was not a Cardinal. As a stopgap, the Cardinals turned to the apparently innocuous Angelo

Giuseppi Roncalli, 76. Roncalli, of course, became Pope John XXIII, whose Vatican Council set in motion epochal reforms in the church. But Montini, who was made a Cardinal by John, finally got his turn after John died in 1963, and it was his dogged bureaucratic talents, as Pope Paul VI, that made the sweeping new policies stick. Thus, writes Wilton Wynn, "the old Cardinals locked up in each successive conclave chose as Pope precisely the personality most needed at the moment." Wynn, a correspondent in TIME's Rome bureau from 1962 to 1985, offers a memoir of his Vatican watching during those years that is at once authoritative and anecdotal. He treats each of the three Popes in this book as a unique individual who put his personal stamp on the church, but he is most fascinating on the subject of the present Pontiff, John Paul II. In a highly unusual private dinner with the author, the Pope confided that he "could sense" his own election near the beginning of 1978's second conclave. Wynn's most provocative assertion: the Vatican at the "highest level" believes that the Soviet Union engineered the 1981 attempt on John Paul's life in order to deprive the restive Poles of their leading symbol of national identity.

PRIZZI'S GLORY

by Richard Condon

Dutton; 273 pages; \$17.95



O.K., lissena this. Richard Condon useta write very funny stuff, right up there with George V. Higgins, but lately there is too much stuff and not enough funny. Mainly, this third book of the Prizzi series, about the good-guy Mafia assassin

Charley Partanna, needs a dose of bran. In Condon's mad early novels—*The Oldest Confession*, *The Manchurian Candidate*—marvelous characters seethed with venality and obsession. In the current book there is still enough corruption to go around, but not much narrative drive. Condon's Mafia greedsters now own 32% of what there is to own in the U.S., "only five points down to the Japanese." Old, frail, evil Don Corrado hits on the up-to-date notion of getting out of street crime and franchising it to black, Hispanic and Oriental gangs, thus achieving really big bucks and respectability. But

instead of telling the story. Condon endlessly tells *about* it. Characters do not take on their own faces or voices, and when the lowbrow Partanna is made to say, "Ask not for whom the bell tolls. Pop. Shoot the bell ringer," it sounds phony. That's not Charley; it's Condon stopping the action to tell one more joke.

JEAN STAFFORD: A BIOGRAPHY
by David Roberts
Little, Brown; 494 pages; \$24.95



"There are no second acts in American lives," Scott Fitzgerald famously remarked. But in the lives of American writers, there often is one, and it is the second act of *Long Day's Journey into Night*: a downward spiral of drink, disillusion

and self-destructiveness. Jean Stafford followed just such a pattern, all the more regrettably because her first act was so full of energy and promise. Fresh from a Colorado upbringing, she married Poet Robert Lowell and at 29 published the best seller *Boston Adventure*. Other marriages and other books followed, and so did poor health and a passel of troubles, many self-inflicted. By the time her *Collected Stories* won the Pulitzer Prize in 1970, she had long since fallen silent as a fiction writer and would remain so right up to her death, at 63, in 1979. David Roberts' workmanlike biography generously quotes Stafford's inimitable prose voice—elegant, tough, mordantly funny. It is a voice that is sadly neglected in today's literary scene.

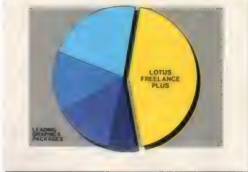
STORY OF MY LIFE
by Jay McInerney
Atlantic Monthly Press
189 pages; \$16.95



Whose life is this, anyway? Alison Poole, not yet 21, is studying acting at the Strassberg Institute and excess at the end of a coke spoon. She is the protagonist of this fleet, frequently nasty and fitfully funny chronicle of drug delirium, sexual excess

and committed shallowness during the dimming of the 1980s. She devotes so much time to getting off, in so many ways, that it is a wonder she found time to lend her voice to the narration. As he demonstrated in his 1984 *Bright Lights, Big City*, Jay McInerney knows this turf and its voices ("I'm like, it's two in the afternoon, for Christ's sake. Most normal people have already been to sleep at least once already"). But, as in *Bright Lights*, McInerney is best at being mean; the novel is too shrill, too chill for compassion. Social satire may not demand a big heart, but moralizing does, and when McInerney tries to put a bleak cautionary spin onto the proceedings, the book goes out of control, just like Alison's life, and comes crashing down, leaving no trace. ■

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Religion

New Life for Family Planning

The Vatican is promoting birth control—naturally

In his 1968 encyclical *Humanae Vitae*, Pope Paul VI strongly reaffirmed his church's traditional opposition to artificial means of birth control. That authoritative teaching left Roman Catholic couples with only two ways to limit the size of their families: 1) use the morally acceptable rhythm method, which was then so unreliable as to justify the sobriquet "Roman roulette"; or 2) follow their con-

science rather than papal counsel and adopt such forbidden means of contraception as diaphragms, condoms or the Pill—which millions did.

twelve days during each menstrual cycle. The improved way of precisely determining those days is known as the ovulation method, or Billings mucus method, which was introduced by and named for an Australian Catholic couple in the 1970s. Using it, a woman carefully monitors changes in her cervical mucus to determine when she is ovulating, and thus capable of conceiving a child. A 1976 study



A nun from Mother Teresa's order preaches family planning to village women near Calcutta

The methods are technically simple and inexpensive but require training and persistence.

sciences rather than papal counsel and adopt such forbidden means of contraception as diaphragms, condoms or the Pill—which millions did.

Twenty years later, the Vatican's support for *Humanae Vitae* is as strong as ever, but with a twist. The church has now become the world's most active proponent of natural family planning, a more effective version of the old unreliable rhythm method. A new department has been set up within the Curia, the Vatican's bureaucracy, to promote birth regulation. In Rome, Gemelli Hospital houses a twelve-year-old N.F.P. clinic run by a Catholic university and headed by a nun. Since it opened, the clinic has taught N.F.P. methods to 1,660 couples, and claims that not one of the women who took the course has become pregnant by accident.

The Catholic Church teaches that no outside agent, be it pill, diaphragm or condom, can be used to prevent conception, which is the "natural" end of sexual intercourse. But a couple may licitly refrain from conjugal relations during a woman's fertile period, which usually lasts ten to

by the World Health Organization concluded that the Billings method compares favorably with artificial means in effectiveness at preventing conception.

The church has been particularly aggressive in promoting natural family planning throughout the Third World. Mother Teresa's Missionaries of Charity run an N.F.P. center in Calcutta in a former chemicals warehouse. The sisters have taught the method to 64,000 women in the Indian state of West Bengal. Teachers use everyday agricultural images to explain a woman's menstrual cycle: seeds are planted during the monsoon, when the soil is soft and moist; cows are inseminated when they produce mucus at the cervix, fertility's telltale sign. Some women who cannot afford pencil or paper dutifully chart their fertile days in simple symbols drawn with burned wood. In Brazil, Sister Cecilia heads an agency that runs 18 N.F.P. centers; she argues that in countries where poverty and illiteracy prevail, N.F.P. is an ideal method of limiting family size. "The ovulation method doesn't cost anything, and women don't

have to read or write to figure out which are their fertile days," she says.

In practice, N.F.P. is not quite that easy. Its users must undergo a training period, usually of about four months. The couple must be strict about abstaining from sex during the woman's fertile days, which can be difficult in societies in which males are taught to be macho and consider abstinence an insult to their manhood. By contrast, the IUD and the Pill require little if any training and follow-up procedures. Moreover, because of its simplicity as a means of limiting family size, sterilization is actively promoted by government-sponsored programs in India and elsewhere. Frances O'Gorman, a Canadian-born Catholic lay worker in Brazil's spirit-crushing favelas, says that most women in such desperate circumstances find it hard to rely on N.F.P. techniques. "They may be cheap and easy to use," O'Gorman says, "but natural methods are more suitable for the middle or upper classes, where the husband and wife can discuss family planning. Life in the slums is a whole different reality."

A 1986 study showed that only 4.3% of Brazilian women used N.F.P.; they preferred sterilization (27%) and the Pill (25%). In India an estimated 10 million people have been introduced to the Billings method over the past decade. But experts believe that for every five couples who faithfully maintain N.F.P. records and charts, an equal number of husbands and wives trying to practice N.F.P. do not.

The church's attempt to promote N.F.P. is often frustrated by indifference or opposition by international agencies and governments. In June a conference in Bangkok, which included both WHO and the United Nations, examined the ethics and human values in family planning. Vatican officials were not allowed to speak officially, but they did submit a withering attack on the "contraceptive imperialism" of agencies and companies that impose IUDs, pills, antifertility vaccines and other products on illiterate women without warning them of the potential medical dangers. "It's dated," says Father Peter Elliott, an executive with the Vatican's Pontifical Council for the Family, for priests to tell women to use contraception depending on their consciences. "Women don't want to use it because it's become a question of their health. People are fed up with being exploited."

Church officials emphasize that their promotion of natural family-planning methods is for all people. "These are not Catholic methods," notes Father Elliott. "They are used in Pakistan and China too, but through our morality, we have become the promoters of natural family-planning methods. The church finds she has a mission to the world to make the method of spacing births known." —By Michael P. Harris, Reported by Cathy Booth/Rome and John Maser/Rio de Janeiro

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Cinema

Adventures of a Career Kid

TRACK 29 Directed by Nicolas Roeg; Screenplay by Dennis Potter

What does a woman want?

Something better than a man. Anyway, Linda Henry (Theresa Russell) does. She looks around at models of the '80s American male and wonders what options are available. The four-wheel driveline of the macho man with emotional brutality stitched in his heart? No thanks, that species grew like kudzu in her small Southern town. How about the spinning wheels of the upscale drudge, playing with his toy trains and his whiny mistress? Nope, Linda's got one too many of those already: her husband, Dr Henry Henry (Christopher Lloyd). His idea of smooth talk is bedtime baby talk.

No wonder that in her memories and fantasies, Linda pines for a figure of innocence, guile, power, vulnerability. Someone who understands and needs her. Something better than a man. A boy. A child. Her child. The child she conceived at 15 in a tussle with a fairground Casanova. The son she bore and, within two days, was forced to give up. If she can find him, 20 years later, perhaps she can reclaim the dreams of her youth and get a first grip on maturity. "Come soon," she whispers through the mirror to her onetime son and would-be lover. "Come today."

And into this abusive parable of sexual frustration comes Martin (Gary Oldman), an Englishman who feels like an orphan, an alien in America—the man who fell to earth, into a lonely woman's dream.



Gary Oldman: the man who fell to earth

She needs a son, so he'll be one, a cross between Dennis the Menace and Oedipus. He will play on her longing and guilt, in baby talk that moves her: "You never cuddled me, did you? ... And you never let me follow your finger along the line of nice big words like 'Once upon a time.' ... He will relive what was never his, "my American childhood," by tossing tantrums like a spoiled four-year-old. He will learn that the idyll of perpetual childhood is a peculiarly American dream: "Being a kid again is as good an occupation as any. In

fact, it's a pretty good career!" He will caress Linda and bully her and play *M-O-T-H-E-R* on the living room piano. He will be anything she desires: her son, her seducer, her salvation, her fatal fantasy. Pity this child? No. Pity instead the careless mother—what she missed, what she lost when she let him go.

Is Martin Linda's son? Does he even exist? Or has she created him out of her need for scenarios of lust and revenge? Those are just a few of the truth games played in this beguiling dark comedy by British screenwriter Dennis Potter. As in his TV film *The Singing Detective*, Potter mixes memory and desire, threat and therapy, a misanthropic wit and the ache of nostalgia for old songs and sweeter dreams. Importing this brand of satire to rural America was a risk for Potter; some of his bleak irony must have been seized by Customs. But the ache of his characters is universal. And in Nicolas Roeg (*Performance*, *Don't Look Now*) he has secured a gifted director for whom reality has always been just one of the 57 varieties of imagination.

Don't expect to find subtle performances in this surreal treat. Russell, the criminally beautiful slut-goddess of art-house movies, becomes shrill in the upper registers of emotion. And Oldman is so acutely the rotten kid that you may want to stand him in the corner. These are not heroes to cherish: they are tiny figures on a *Blue Velvet* landscape, bleating out their obsessions. But in their cries is the music of recognizable people with their defenses down and their lurid nightmares ascendant. In *Track 29* every woman is a flower demanding to open, and every man is a little boy lost.

By Richard Corliss

Milestones

ELECTED. A. Bartlett Giamatti, 50, former president of Yale University and National League head since 1986; as commissioner of baseball, to replace Incumbent Peter Ueberroth starting next April, by unanimous vote of the 26 team owners; in Montreal. A scholar of Renaissance literature, Giamatti has been a stern cop for baseball's senior circuit, suspending Cincinnati Reds Manager Pete Rose for shoving an umpire and Philadelphia Phillies Pitcher Kevin Gross for suffing baseballs.

SWORN IN. Lee Roy Young Jr., 41, a 15-year veteran of the Texas department of public safety; as the first black member in this century of the Texas Rangers, the elite 94-man investigative corps; in Austin. Archives show that Texas had black Rangers in the 1800s, but recently the N.A.A.C.P. charged that black officers have been deliberately excluded.

ARRESTED. Joyce Brown, 41, the street-dwelling panhandler who last winter won a court battle to obtain her release from a psychiatric ward and later lectured on homelessness at Harvard Law School; on charges of criminal possession of heroin; in New York City. Brown, who styles herself "Billie Boggs" after a former local television talk-show host, was released pending a Sept. 28 court appearance.

SENTENCED. Chun Kyung Hwan, 45, younger brother of former South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan; to seven years in prison; for embezzlement, influence peddling and accepting bribes while head of a government-subsidized rural-development organization; in Seoul. A South Korean court found that "Little Chun" embezzled about \$10 million in public and private funds. Last week students took to the streets of Seoul to demand the elder Chun's arrest on corruption charges.

DIED. Gert Fröbe, 75, German character actor who rose to international fame as the villainous Goldfinger in the 1964 James Bond classic; of a heart attack; in Munich. Fröbe acted in nearly 100 films, playing dozens of evildoers. But in the 1966 film *Paris Burning?*, Fröbe had a role that gave him a chance to portray goodness: Dietrich von Choltitz, the German general who defied Hitler and refused to destroy the city.

DIED. Harold Rosson, 93, innovative Hollywood cinematographer and onetime husband of 1930s Sex Goddess Jean Harlow; in Palm Beach, Fla. After winning a special Academy Award with W. Howard Greene for their pioneering use of color in *The Garden of Allah* in 1936, Rosson brought his polished look to *The Wizard of Oz* and *Singin' in the Rain*. Harlow divorced him in 1935 after an 18-month marriage because he annoyed her by reading in bed.

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People



All things INXS: Hutchence, upper left, with the rest of the band

Don't tell this bunch to do nothing in excess. They call themselves **INXS** (pronounced in excess), and last week the Australian band scooped up five of this year's MTV Video Music Awards, including Best Video.



Spring again: Dubček gardening

INXS's latest album, *Kick*, has gone triple platinum and produced the hits *Need You Tonight*, *Devil Inside* and *New Sensation*. Despite the accolades, the band intends to rock first and pose later. "Videos have nothing to do with music," says Lead Singer **Michael Hutchence**. "You have a good time, and you make records." All INXS.

What ever happened to **Alexander Dubček**, the architect of Czechoslovakia's Prague Spring 20 years ago? After Soviet tanks crushed the political experiment, Dubček disappeared from the public eye, working for years as a forestry official. But now the conservative Czechoslovak government has decided to try a bit of spring again. Last week Dubček and his wife **Anna** received permission to travel abroad for the first time since 1970. In November they will go to Italy, where Dubček, 66, will be honored by the University of Bologna. What has he been doing all these years? "Oh," he says evasively. "I just look after my rabbits." His wife laughs: "I wish he'd do just that."

The incident was bizarre: the world heavyweight champion KO'd by a tree. Sliding 10 to 15 ft. on wet grass.

Mike Tyson and his BMW crashed into one in Catskill, N.Y., in broad daylight. The champ was out for 20 minutes, hospitalized for three days and then forced to postpone his October match against British Boxer **Frank Bruno**. But was it an accident? The run-in was a suicide attempt, said New York *Daily News* Columnist **Mike McAlary**. Citing unnamed Tyson intimates, McAlary wrote that the boxer was under psychiatric

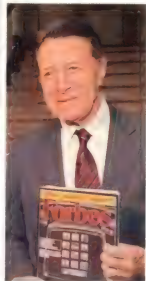
care and that he suffered from a violent "chemical imbalance" that, among other things, led him to beat his actress wife of seven months, **Robin Givens**. Just before the crash, he reportedly telephoned her and threatened suicide. Tyson's family and friends denied the claims, though Givens and her mother **Ruth Roper** reportedly admitted that the champ was seeing a psychiatrist. As for any idea of suicide, Tyson said, "No one loves living more than I do." Against medical advice, the Tysons then zipped off to the Soviet Union, where Givens is filming a TV show. This bout has several rounds to go.

■
Oggi International had no trouble finding a wholesome model for its new line of hair products. "**Cornelia Guest** is a socialite family girl," said Chairman **Ramon Abi-Rached**. "She is a debutante. It is a dream of every American mother to have a daughter like her." So what does Oggi do with the blue-blooded deb of the decade? Strip her down and wrap her in 9 ft. of red hair imported from South Korea. "The feeling was unbelievably sensu-



Tressed to the nines: Guest lets her hair down

ous." Guest recalls. "Now I understand what Lady Godiva felt like." She will be further exposed when the ad appears, 40 ft. tall, in Times Square.



Forbes' new man: Weinberger

Multimillionaire **Malcolm Forbes** is a collector-art, hot-air balloons, **Elizabeth Taylor** on a motorcycle. Last week he announced his latest acquisition: **Caspar Weinberger**. In January the former Secretary of Defense will become publisher of *Forbes*, the tycoon's shyly named biweekly business magazine. Weinberger, 71, isn't coming aboard just to take care of management. He will write a fortnightly column on politics and business—as well as be ambassador for his new boss. "We do a lot of entertaining of chief executives," said Forbes. "Having access to sources is very important." So, will the Capitalist Tool become Cap's Tool? Said the ex-Pentagon boss, whose last budget was \$300 billion: "I'll work with the people who are responsible for its success—the Forbes family." Hey, big spenders!

—By Howard G. Chua-Eoan.
Reported by David E. Thigpen/
New York

Video

Playing the Rating Game

Now heere's—Mike . . . and George . . . and Lloyd . . . and Dan

Abandon all substance, ye who enter here. This is the realm of television, not politics. Issues are passé. What matters is style and image, sound bites and photo opportunities.

TV has so dominated the 1988 presidential campaign that even network correspondents seem embarrassed. "Most of what candidates do is aimed at your television screen," began a Bruce Morton report on the CBS *Evening News* last week. Campaign appearances are orchestrated

legislative record, it is which show-biz celebrity he most resembles. The blond hair and glamorous mien initially got him cast as Robert Redford. More discerning observers have found his bland good looks reminiscent of *Wheel of Fortune*'s Pat Sajak. Actually, Quayle doesn't have even Sajak's low-watt charisma. Despite his reputation as a "telegenic" candidate, Quayle looks better from a distance; as the camera closes in, the uncertain eyes and thin, twangy voice emphasize his immaturity.



for the cameras (George Bush in Boston harbor; everybody in front of the Statue of Liberty); and speechwriters strive for one piquant quote a day aimed at the nightly news (Bush asserts that Michael Dukakis has been "opposed to every new weapon system since the slingshot"). And now come the commercials. The candidates have just released the first of an expected blitz of TV ads: upbeat and "presidential" in Bush's case; tartly critical of Republican economic policies in Dukakis'.

All of which, sober analysts contend, has trivialized the political process. A debatable proposition, but never mind: let's get trivial. Candidates who shape their campaigns for TV deserve to be judged, for a few moments anyway, by TV standards. Some themes that have emerged on the road to the November sweeps:

HOLLYWOOD SQUARES. The biggest question swirling around Republican Vice Presidential Candidate Dan Quayle is not his service in the National Guard or his

But then, none of the candidates live up to their TV models. Lloyd Bentsen, the tall, craggy Texan, could go for either tough (the late Jim Davis as Jock Ewing on *Dallas*) or folksy (Andy Griffith as Matlock). But his passionless style fails to register as either character. Dukakis has the mark of a man doomed to be portrayed in TV movies by Sam Waterston. And Bush is still overshadowed by the era's only politician actually to define and surpass his Hollywood model: Ronald Reagan.

THE GONG SHOW. Getting booed is an unavoidable part of the campaign trail. How one responds to it, however, is crucial for the TV image. When Dukakis faced rowdy antiabortion demonstrators in suburban Chicago last week, he tried to settle them with lawyer-like reasonableness ("I respect your right to disagree . . .") but looked sweaty and abashed on the screen. Bush's reaction to boos from shipyard workers in Portland, Ore., was similar, except for the forced-folksy dropped g's ("You're exercis-

sin' your right; I'm exercisin' mine"). Bush's performance, however, depended on the particular network vantage point. On CBS his counterattack sounded namby-pamby; on ABC, with longer clips of his remarks, he came across more as a feisty battler.

Bush's running mate has avoided the gong for now, but Quayle's early response to questions about his military service and other matters was wobbly and defensive, like a fifth-grader trying to explain his missing arithmetic homework. When reporters accosted him at his Virginia home while he was emptying garbage, Quayle reacted with evident anger ("I'm getting a little bit indignant about one bum rap after another . . .") but sounded petulant rather than persuasive. His self-confidence has grown since then, though his overeager, puppet-like demeanor still reminds some critics of Howdy Doody.

GROWING PAINS. Are any of these candidates ready to lead the nation? Not if one listens to the nightly stream of wisecracks from Johnny Carson, Jay Leno, David Letterman—and the candidates themselves. Tongue-in-cheek self-deprecation has become a favorite rhetorical tactic. Dukakis initiated it at a Democratic luncheon before his acceptance speech in Atlanta, joking that his wife had fallen asleep while reading the text. Bush's own acceptance speech was peppered with such put-downs as "I'll try to be fair to the other side; I'll try to hold my charisma in check." The aim is both to lower expectations and defuse the critics with humor. But does anybody want Rodney Dangerfield for President?

WHO'LL BE THE BOSS? Nevertheless, Bush and Dukakis have developed into better TV performers than one might have expected. The Vice President still steps on too many of his own applause lines, and cannot shake a penchant for blooper (last week's premature observance of Pearl Harbor day). But his very awkwardness has become a sign of sincerity, and anger becomes him—woundedly defending, for instance, his reference to some of his grandchildren as "little brown ones." If Bob Newhart took assertiveness training, he might turn out to be George Bush.

Dukakis' TV reviews have jumped around in approximate relationship to the polls. Early on he was derided as an untelegenic bore. After Atlanta, his TVQ soared. Now a backlash is setting in ("This tone is at once annoyed and complacent, that of a self-satisfied scold"—George Will). In truth, Dukakis may be close to the ideal TV candidate: physically ungainly and ill-proportioned when seen from a distance but a compelling presence in close-up. His speaking style is a good blend of the conversational and the resonant, and he makes the canniest use of pauses since Jack Benny. That may not get him elected, but it could put him in the running for an Emmy. —By Richard Zoglin

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Show Business

Cossacks and Tigers And Bears, Oh, My!

After a ten-year absence, the Moscow Circus returns with a spectacular 14-city U.S. tour



Corn and kitsch mesh seamlessly with art and virtuosity. Suspended from a swinging chandelier, a voluptuous houri, trailing clouds of veils, undulates to the music of the *Ave Maria*—with a disco tom-tom backbeat. Down in the ring, a dozen brown bears juggle, jog and tumble, saucily hugging floral bouquets. Eighteen tigers dance in a chorus line, and a wild horde of horsemen charge around the ring. If this were *Oz*, Dorothy would certainly say, "Cossacks and tigers and bears, oh, my!" The wizards of the Moscow Circus have finally returned to the U.S.

Frozen out by a decade of superpower bickering, the circus has fielded a 109-person, 42-animal all-star contingent for its current four-month, 14-city American tour, which opened last week in Worcester, Mass. This week it will come to Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall before heading for Philadelphia, Washington and onward, to a finale in San Francisco. Rarely do these performers appear under the same big top in the Soviet Union, where the government makes sure that stars are treated to equal but separate venues. "This is like having several headliners in one show," says Rock Impresario Steve Leber, co-producer of the tour, which is backed by Lever Brothers, home of Snuggle, the fabric-softener teddy. It is the first time a U.S. corporation has sponsored a Soviet act. Call it *bear-estraiika*.

Of all the beasts in the Moscow menagerie, the bears are the most beloved. The animals share equal billing with their trainer, Vladislav Zolkin, and his wife Svetlana Mikityuk, the premier foot juggler in the Soviet Union. In fact, anything chimps can do, the bears perform with greater charm. Shushtrik (from the Russian for "quick") proves as fast on his paws (twirling gaudy balls and large columns as Mikityuk is nimble with her feet. During each performance, Foma, who is eight, gives Zolkin a few percussion-synchronized kicks to put the trainer in his place. Three-hundred-pound Knopa (Button) fancies herself the ura major of the team. Lying on his back, Trainer Zolkin lifts her into the air with his feet to form a juggling totem pole. Knopa then passes off medicine balls with the ease of a basketball player in round-robin exercise.

Knopa also does groundwork for the most complex piece in the act. She pushes a lever in circles, working gears that rotate a platform on which Shushtrik lies holding a huge basket between his legs. On both sides of the revolving bears, Mikityuk and her daughter Kristina, also on their backs, kick balls to each other over and through the shifting hoop of the basket handle. "Svetlana and Kristina are excellent performers," says Zolkin, "but it took three years to put this together."

However, the bears may bother some Americans. Sensitive to the burgeoning animal rights movement, local audiences may see cruelty in the muzzling of the bears, who sometimes emit groanlike cries. Zolkin, who raises cubs in his Moscow apartment, says he muzzles the bears



A burning frame for fearful symmetry: one temperamental Sumatran leaps through a ring of fire at Pavlenko's command

MARTIN SMITH

only to protect the audience. He explains, "We don't work behind a cage, and they are dangerous animals."

While nouvelle cirques like Montreal's celebrated Cirque du Soleil have sworn animals, the Muscovites continue to revel in bestial companionship. "Circuses have always had, and must always have, animals," says Tiger Trainer Nikolai Pavlenko. Choosing a baton over a whip, he conducts his Sumatran tigers through precision dance steps, hoops and rings of fire. Animals are not human, he admits, but there are similarities. Explaining why he trains Sumatran tigers, which are native to Indonesia, and not those from Siberia, Pavlenko says, "Siberian tigers are like the people of Siberia—strong, powerful, but gloomy. Sumatran tigers are like the people of the Caucasus, lively and temperamental. Only such emotions can make up this act."

The circus' most spectacular interspecies joint venture is Tamerlan Nugzarov's Cossack Riders of the Caucasus, the most jaw-gritting excitement since Indiana Jones took on a Nazi truck convoy in search of the lost ark. The act opens with a princess on a white steed prancing about the ring. Suddenly, burrnoosed cossacks on horseback rush in, racing at breakneck speed around the circus' single 39-ft.-diameter circle. As swords flash in the air, the men slip down and cling to the bellies of their speeding mounts. A metal

hoop pierced with daggers is raised, and a horse, its rider slung underneath, leaps through, coming painfully close to the blades. One horseman allows himself to be dragged, and his metal bangles scrape the floor. A single misstep, and it's a fatal case of hoof-in-mouth.

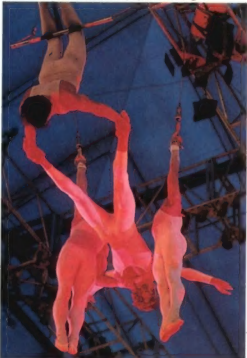
The artistic high point of the circus

quite literally comes with the Cranes, an aerial ballet involving not birds but daring young men, and one young woman, on flying trapezes. The act, based on a song describing how fallen soldiers are transformed into cranes, is nothing short of Wagnerian. In fact, as the artists are swept into the heights and the safety net is transformed into a canopy of clouds, the thunder of the *Ride of the Valkyries* floods the arena.

The show may play best away from the biggest arenas. The tent in Toronto, where the circus appeared in mid-August, brought the audience within a hop, skip and jump of the circus' single ring and its cossacks, tigers and bears. Still, it will be hard to mask the energy of Grigori Popovich's juggling crystalline clubs atop a completely vertical ladder or to suppress the folksy cheer of the somersaulting teeterboarders from the Ukraine. And it will be difficult to keep from smiling when the bear cubs Masha and Motya, dressed in peasant costumes, dance a jig around Zolkin.

In the late 19th century, Russian circus clowns launched some of the first political satires against the ruling élite, actions that gave impetus to revolutionary movements. "It was the beginning of the big bang," says Albert Makhtsier, the circus' assistant ringmaster. Back in the U.S. after ten years, the Moscow Circus will be setting off friendlier fireworks. So give a cheer: the Russians are here! —By Howard G. Chua-Eoan/Toronto

Aerial ballet: the Cranes sweep up into the heights



JOEY LEE/STUDIO CITY

Essay
Charles Krauthammer

Spare Us the Family Album

One more picture, one more tribute, one more podium kiss, one more word by a politician about family, and I'm defecting. Probably to Russia, where until Gorbachev came along and ruined everything (with *glasnost* and Raisa), the leader reigned in splendid, family-free isolation. We didn't even know that Yuri Andropov had a wife until he was dead.

In American politics, shows of familial affection have always cloyed, but things are out of hand. You can hardly see the candidate through the thicket of loving kin. Mr. and Mrs. Dukakis danced and smooched and hugged so effectively in public that George Bush, faced with an ominous family gap, counterattacked. First, with typical maladroitness, he patted his wife's fanny in a Dan Rather interview. Then at the convention, Bush's handlers improved his style by putting his procreative powers (five children, ten grandchildren) on display. Now, it seems, George and Barbara are constantly seen holding hands.

Family show, family rhetoric. In their acceptance speeches, Dukakis invoked family seven times; Bush, six; Quayle, eleven; Bentsen, a mere five. Every issue has become a family issue. Dukakis promises the "kind of America that provides American workers and their families"—would single workers not have merited—"with at least 60 days' notice when a factory or a plant shuts down" and "jobs—and I mean good jobs, jobs you can raise a family on." Bush averred that in business he learned that jobs "meant creating opportunity, which meant happy families." The unit of measure, and manipulation, in politics is no longer the citizen. It is the family.

Why is this family time? Pick your theory. Baby boomers are just now having families, and pollsters shape the candidates to fit the demographics. Or, in times of peace, political talk, like everything else, returns to domesticity, and there is nothing as domestic as family.

I prefer the more cynical explanation: demand for "family values" rises as the family, in reality, declines. With divorce routine, when 60% of America's children will live with a single parent before age 18, with inner-city families entirely shattered, our politicians are called upon to provide symbolic denial of facts they cannot change.

What's wrong with playing the game and showing a bit of family to a hungry public? First, the hypocrisy. "Marilyn and our children, Tucker, Benjamin and Corinne, are my strength, my pride, my joy, my love. They are and always will be my total life," confided Dan Quayle to 50 million TV viewers in his convention speech. This from a man who was on the road so much during his two terms in the House that his wife said she often felt like a "single parent."

Of all the people who should be talking about their devotion to family, politicians are probably the last. To enter the presidential arena is to invite 15,000 journalists into your bed and bath. It does terrible things to families. Anyone who chooses public life, particularly at the presidential level, declares to the world that he places ambition above family.

The real irony, however, is that there is nothing wrong

with that. An ability to transcend family is exactly what you want in a President. You want someone who cares more about what's happening in Kuwait than about what's happening in his kid's kindergarten. You don't want a President who during an NSC briefing glances at his watch and thinks about the burning pot roast. You want someone whose family is grown up and gone, or who never had one. You want someone whose "total life," whose family, is his job.

Even monogamy is highly overrated in a President. If Eisenhower (perhaps) or Franklin Roosevelt (for sure) needed the company of a mistress or John Kennedy a procession of bimbettes to help him relax, the better to carry on his stewardship of the country, I'm not sure that the country ought to complain. A wife certainly has the right to, but the electorate is paying for a chief executive, not a spouse.

There is something even more pernicious about family time in American politics, however, than mere hypocrisy and illogic. The obsession with the politician and his family is antidemocratic. It promotes the idea of dynastic politics. Bush arranged for his son to cast the vote that officially gave him the Republican nomination. Ted Kennedy was introduced by his nephew. And Jesse Jackson, who always operates on a grander scale, arranged to have himself introduced by all five of his children. Jesse Jackson Jr. is a member of the Democratic National Committee. That is no worse than Maureen Reagan being co-chair of the Republican National Committee. And neither is as offensive to democratic values as the Kennedy family's pocket borough of Massachusetts, where a congressional seat may be thoughtfully lent out until a Kennedy is old enough to claim it. ("When Jack became President," writes Tip O'Neill, "his Senate seat was kept

warm by Ben Smith, Jack's old Harvard roommate" until "Teddy turned thirty," the minimum age for a Senator.) Nepotism has become so ingrained in American politics that it is no longer recognized as a vice.

The presidency was the founders' alternative to and improvement on monarchy. But it is the Europeans who have devised the solution to the problem of the encroachment of monarchical norms on democratic values: they kept their monarchs and stripped them of power. That way the wish for some kind of symbolic family is satisfied, while the politicians run the democracy. In the U.S., on the other hand, monarchical and presidential roles have been fused. The result is the absurd institution of the First Family, an ersatz royal family decked out in republican garb and capital letters.

Who needs it? In parliamentary systems, when a party leader faces election, he generally makes known his Cabinet or shadow cabinet. In America the party leader calls his wife and kids and movie-star cousin to join him on the podium and bless the assembled. How much more democratic it would be if a nominee called up to the podium not his grandchildren but, say, his Secretary of State and Attorney General. Leave Dad and Sis and everyone else you call by first name at home. If you must, do like the ballplayers: give Mom a TV wave and get on with the game.



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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

PETER NORTON

AGE: 43.

HOME: Santa Monica, California.

PROFESSION: Computer wizard. Chairman and CEO, Peter Norton Computing Inc.

HOBBY: Making contributions to L.A.'s many art museums. "When life hands you a large slice of the pie, you share."

LAST BOOK READ: *Don Quixote*, Miguel de Cervantes.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Seeing his name in lights. At the Museum of Neon Art where he's on the board of directors.

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QUOTE: "I can't believe my life is happening to me."

PROFILE: Quiet, committed and independent. "Not really. I'm just your classic nerd who got lucky."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's* "White Label" with water. "It's as much of a splash as I'll ever make."